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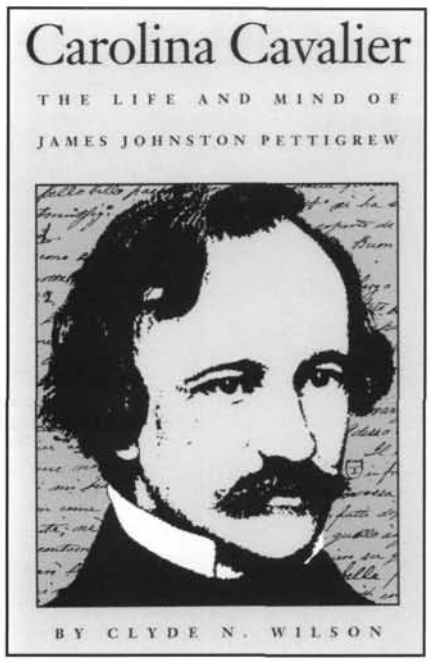

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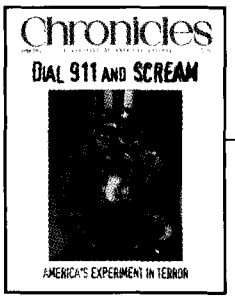

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Chronicles
A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

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On Traditionalists

I had already read Robin Anderson's biography of Pope Pius VII, but if a book review or anything else has Thomas Fleming's name on it, I read it. Alas, no more than nine lines into his review ("The Church Militant," *Reviews*, August), I was startled by the first of several attacks on Catholic traditionalists that contributed absolutely nothing to the review. As a staunch Fleming aficionado, I attribute the antitraditionalist spasms in the review either to temporary indigestion or to something more serious: Dr. Fleming has been seduced by "Catholic conservatives," kissing cousins to the neocons he elsewhere despises. Like the Catholic conservative periodical the *Wanderer*, Dr. Fleming knows the citadel has been overrun. But he won't bring himself to identify the moles who opened the gates or the guards still snoring at their posts, and he criticizes those who will.

Dr. Fleming couldn't just call us "traditionalists." No, we are "self-described" traditionalists. I take that to mean that we aren't what we think we are. Though we cling to traditional ways of worshiping, praying, thinking, and reacting to false religions, Dr. Fleming denies us the title because we won't follow postconciliar popes down paths condemned by their predecessors.

He has us gloating over the present scandals as if they please us. When we sounded the first alarms about the infiltration of seminaries by the homosexual mafia, we were ridiculed then, too. Talk about shooting the messenger!

Dr. Fleming's use of the modifier "some" will not prevent the unwary reader from believing that "all" traditionalists deny that John Paul II is the Pope.

More typical is my chapel, which prays for the Pope at every Mass, a claim many local parishes cannot make. Yes, there are traditionalists who get carried away. When the shepherd turns out to be a wolf, the sheep scatter. When popes began uprooting everything Catholics learned in their preconciliar catechism classes, the result was confusion. The more prudent Catholic will cling to what the Church has always taught and reject the innovation. Those well instructed know that if it's an innovation, it's false. It not only can be, but must be, resisted. As in every revolution, the majority caves quickly and quietly, freeing the revolutionaries to wipe out the few heroic holdouts. In most revolutions, they shoot them. In this one, they try to ridicule them into submission.

Dr. Fleming refers to the "schismatics in the St. Pius X society." A point of fact: In the hierarchy of virtues, faith ranks higher than obedience. Since, for example, a person's faith is reflected in the way he prays (*lex orandi, lex credendi*), a new "Mass" that is Protestantized (a debate I'd gladly enter) is something the Catholic must shun if he wants to safeguard his faith. And the *Novus Ordo* Mass is only the tip of the iceberg. Everything Catholic has been turned upside down, forcing the traditionalist to choose between faith and obedience. He has chosen to disobey where he thinks he must in order to survive. Disobedience is not a schismatic act. We obey John Paul II when he upholds the 2,000-year ordinary magisterium of the Church. We resist when he clearly violates it. You don't have to be a theologian to know the difference or to understand the law of contradiction. If Dr. Fleming thinks that proves, or leads to, a schismatic mentality, he hasn't a clue what it means to be a Catholic.

Dr. Fleming attributes to traditionalists a "shortsighted perspective" and a "crippling ignorance of history." Is he defending us against the contrary and more common charge that we cling too stubbornly to history? Is it so unlikely that those so attached to the old ways would also immerse themselves in Catholic history? Does he really think traditionalists see Catholic history as one prolonged *Bells of St. Mary's* before Vatican II? Does he think we are unaware of Leo X's obsessive preoccupation with promoting the arts and neglect of needed reforms, Julius II's military adventurism, and Alexander VI's shocking moral excesses? That scandalous trio at least left Catholic faith and practice intact. Which is worse, a pope who meets his primary obligation of defending the Catholic Faith but is personally corrupt, or a pope who, while apparently blameless in his personal life, dedicates his pontificate to uprooting the teaching of his predecessors and replacing it with his personal views?

"Many" (again, Dr. Fleming supplies

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a hedging modifier) traditionalists show a "Calvinistic and holier-than-thou hypermoralism." I'm not sure what hypermoralism is, but I know how recklessly Catholic conservatives and liberals slap the Jansenist label on anyone unyielding in his Catholic faith. "Holier-than-thou?" It's in traditional chapels that Dr. Fleming will find long lines at the confessional and in conventional *Novus Ordo* parishes where he'll find great numbers going to Communion without having gone to confession in years. The typical traditionalist knows he must work out his salvation with fear and trembling, something difficult to do in the "I'm OK, you're OK" parish down the street.

I hope Dr. Fleming will accept the following advice in the same spirit in which I offer it. I urge him to read Pius XI's *Mortalium animos* thoroughly. He'll recognize that the encyclical's teaching is firmly rooted in the Church's ordinary magisterium and, therefore, cannot change. Then let him try to reconcile *Mortalium animos* with "the spirit of Assisi" and the panreligious outrages that John Paul II so tirelessly promotes. Or with *Ut unum sint*. It cannot be done. I urge him to read the encyclical *Mirari vos* of Gregory XVI, who echoed his predecessors when he called religious liberty a "delirium." Let him reconcile that teaching, also firmly rooted in the magisterium, with the 180-degree turn in postconciliar teaching. Impossible. I urge him to read the *Syllabus of Modern Errors* of Pius IX. He will notice the similarity between condemned proposition 80 and the postconciliar pontificates. Indeed, Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger himself called the conciliar time bomb *Gaudium et spes*, which has so inspired John Paul II, a virtual "counter-*Syllabus*." I urge him to take the traditional Mass, which is virtually unchanged since the time of Gregory the Great, and place it side by side with the *Novus Ordo* and Cranmer's 16th-century Anglican Service of Morning Prayer. He will be obliged to notice the similarity between Cranmer's "rite" and the *Novus Ordo*, quite consistent with the other similarities between the Anglican and Vatican II revolutionaries. I urge him to read what the Council of Trent said about the translation of "*pro multis*" in the consecration. I invite him to imagine Pius VII, or any pope up to Pius XII, kissing the Koran, inviting Moroccans to be good Muslims, praising the archheretic Martin Luther, boasting of praying with animists in Africa, or visiting a synagogue and listening to rabbis refer loudly to the messiah to come. John Paul II has done similar things every year of his pontificate. (All the more reason for my chapel to pray for him.) I invite Dr. Fleming to compare Leo XIII's definitive declaration on the invalidity of Anglican orders with John Paul II giving a joint blessing with the "archbishop" of Canterbury.

I urge him to consider how thoroughly Vatican II embraces the dangerous principles of the French Revolution. I'm surprised it didn't occur to him when he read Anderson's book. Liberty, equality, and fraternity equals religious liberty, ecumenism, and collegiality. Finally, I invite Dr. Fleming to list the good fruits of Vatican II that traditionalists should accept. Conversions? Vocations? Overflowing convents and monasteries? A vibrant liturgy? Mass attendance? Obedience to Church teachings on birth control? Belief in the Real Presence? Modern church architecture?

The issue, then, is not why traditionalists are the way we are, but why Dr. Fleming isn't resisting with us. His blindness on this doesn't match his clear vision on everything else.

—*Daniel Amon*
Alexandria, VA

Dr. Fleming Replies:

We have received a number of mostly incoherent and irrelevant attacks on my review of Robin Anderson's *Pius VII*. Mr. Amon's letter is not incoherent, but it is almost entirely irrelevant. Rather than replying directly to any of the letters, I shall confine myself to pointing out what I did say and why.

I did not say, and have never said, a single good thing about Vatican II or the *Novus Ordo* Mass. I attend a Tridentine Mass that is actively supported by our diocese. Our priest is from perhaps the most severely Tridentine group, the Institute of Christ the King, and I take this opportunity of saluting Fr. Brian Bovee, the priest at St. Mary's of Rockford, Msgr. Gilles Wach, the head of the Institute, and Bishop Thomas Doran of Rockford, who recently elevated the status of St. Mary's from that of a shrine to that of an oratory. The Institute (and other similar groups) and we in the parish are doing what we can to preserve and defend the traditions of the Church. Nothing I said in my review could possibly be construed as a criticism of what people call "traditionalism," though I dislike the term.

I do not call myself a "traditionalist" because, first, I do not revere tradition *qua* tradition—some religious traditions (such as cannibalism and incest) are bad—and, almost by definition, those who define themselves as conservatives (not just neoconservatives) and traditionalists are putting the cart before the horse; and, second, because being a Catholic Christian is good enough for me. I neither need nor want a prefix. Movements belong to the left, and some of the Young Turk traditionalists denouncing the Pope, Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger, *et al.*, betray all of the signs of mental instability exhibited by communists, libertarians, and other leftists.

I referred to the St. Pius X Society as schismatic because it is. Although its priests have the power to perform valid Sacraments, Catholics are not permitted to attend them. The quibbling engaged in by some of my traditionalist friends is a very disturbing sign.

I made a slighting reference to an article that *Latin Mass* published on Distributism. The author was partly correct in pointing out that Belloc and Chesterton were too willing to use taxation and other methods of state control (though few admirers of the Distributists will recognize the distorted picture presented in the article). But in trying to prove that capitalism is the authentic social teaching of the Church, he revealed an ignorance of both capitalism and moral theology that made manifest his unfitness to write on such matters. Is that what "traditionalism" means? Contradicting the fundamental social teachings of Christianity, particularly in its Catholic form, in order to defend a liberal theory of political economy that is only two centuries old?

I also referred to another unfortunate article in *Latin Mass* dealing with *Humanae vitae*. The merits (or, rather, the demerits) of that poorly argued article have been dealt with sufficiently by a series of articles and letters to the *Wanderer*. I have no wish to add to the difficulties of Father James McLucas, the editor of *Latin Mass*, who was not included at all in the criticism I have made of irresponsible traditionalists. I am not declaring war on *Latin Mass*, but I do think it is my duty as writer and editor to point out the dangerous temptation to extremism *for its own sake*, a temptation to which some traditionalists are succumbing.

I am in complete sympathy with the

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traditionalist effort to preserve the Old Mass (the term "Tridentine" is narrow and misleading), but if I believed the *Novus Ordo* to be invalid (as some of the hotheads do), I could not remain in communion with those who celebrate or attend it. Since I am not prepared to elect myself pope, I shall have to get used to the idea that we live in an imperfect world, that even Catholics make mistakes, and that, from time to time, the Church is in need of major reform and restoration. This is an evil age of the world, and the Church is contaminated with the ideas of the age. When was it ever different?

The question is whether Catholics wish to work within the Church to make the changes that are needed, or whether they follow in the footsteps of Luther, many of whose criticisms made a valid point. Leo X was a far worse pope than could possibly be imagined today. The Church survived Leo and Luther, and She can survive such infinitely better popes as Paul VI and his successors. If She cannot, then, following the wisdom of Gamaliel, we must say it is because God is not with us. Starting our own traditional cult will not do anything except to encourage us in our smugness.

Americans are a childish and stunted race. If we cannot have everything we want right now, we are ready to go into rebellion. If I had to attend a *Novus Ordo* Mass on a steady basis, I should probably seek permission to attend an Orthodox liturgy. Our Eastern brethren have preserved many fine things that we have lost. The Orthodox have an unspoiled liturgy, virile priests, and holy monks. Nonetheless, as a man of the West, I shall stand by the West; and, as a Catholic, I shall stand by the Church. In no case will I join with the self-important rebels who cry if they cannot have it their way, who throw rocks through stained-glass windows and complain if obedient Catholics cry "hooligan," who are following the road that took the antipopes and Old Catholics into the dustbin of history.

On the Intelligence Crisis

As the "legendary agent" mentioned so prominently in Dr. Philip Jenkins' article ("The Next Intelligence Crisis," *Vital Signs*, June), I would like to make a few points of my own.

I agree with much of what Dr. Jenkins says, particularly that "the United States needs a much stronger and more proactive intelligence apparatus." I also subscribe to the point touched on throughout his piece, that intelligence agents (or "case officers," as they are known in the CIA) move by necessity in a corruptive environment and need to be alert to its dangers. We were warned in training and repeatedly throughout our careers to avoid "being corrupted by the tools of the trade." Some failed to heed the warning, and their names are mentioned in Dr. Jenkins' article.

However, I am perplexed by Dr. Jenkins' willingness to cite David Corn, an editor of the extreme-left *Nation*. As a contributor to the "paleoconservative" *Chronicles*, Dr. Jenkins demonstrates the kind of neutrality that an historian must always strive for. However, to rely so exclusively on the uncorroborated word of a partisan journalist reveals a painful absence of skepticism.

Some of what Corn had to say about me in his book is true. Some is not. I don't believe, though, that even Corn said about me what Dr. Jenkins has written—that I "was at the center of every CIA horror story for half a century." For one thing, the expression "half a century" puzzles me. It is a verifiable fact that I served the CIA for 28 years. How, then, does he account for the other 22 years? In a way, Dr. Jenkins has already accounted for them, because, in an earlier paragraph, he wrote, "nobody ever really leaves the CIA." In a more scholarly publication, this assertion would have required at least a footnote, for it is not a true statement.

It is hard, too, for me to come to grips with the words "every CIA horror story," for what horrifies Dr. Jenkins may not horrify me, and *vice versa*. I am horrified by the fact that a CIA officer once administered LSD to unwitting people, but I was not at the center of that horror story; I was not even in its periphery. I am horrified by the CIA's maltreatment of a Soviet defector, but I had nothing to do with it. Perhaps Dr. Jenkins is referring to the Bay of Pigs. I am chagrined by the Bay of Pigs, but it does not horrify me; and, in any case, I was not involved. More likely, Dr. Jenkins has been affected by fallout from the notorious RICO trial in which I was among those accused of conspiring to murder the Sandinista defector Eden Pastora. The judge, however, dismissed the case as without merit, and he ordered the plaintiffs to pay my legal expenses. And, in the end, the true culprit was identified. Still, the mud lingers. A lie truly has a life of its own.

I neither ask for nor expect an apology. Apologies might better be rendered to the victims of the "Halloween Massacre," whom Dr. Jenkins has tarnished as "dubious characters." Far from being perpetrators of widespread criminality, as he calls them, these men and women were specialists in human intelligence—*i.e.*, officers who knew how to work with spies. And they were "purged," as Dr. Jenkins puts it, because the then-director of the CIA, Admiral Stansfield Turner, preferred to put his trust in technical intelligence. The loss of these people, and of the successors whom they would have promoted and trained in HUMINT collection, is now being felt. As Dr. Jenkins quite correctly says, "the intelligence walls that should have been defending America" are sadly in need of repair.

—Theodore G. Shackley
Glen Echo, MD

Dr. Jenkins Replies:

I am very grateful for Mr. Shackley's corrections, and I apologize for any inadvertent misrepresentations. As the months have gone by since September 11, I suspect that I have not been alone in undertaking a prolonged and sometimes painful revision of my previous beliefs about the role of the U.S. intelligence community in the 1960's and 70's. In light of that reevaluation, I am much more sympathetic to what he writes about the agency's factional struggles of that era.

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STEVEN HATFILL, if indeed he is responsible for the anthrax campaign in the United States last year, is a villainous criminal of the deepest dye, who deserves the harshest punishment the courts can impose. Yet even if his guilt should be established by some future trial, the way in which the case has been investigated—and especially the role of the media—should still be seen as a deeply sinister abuse of official power. If Hatfill, however, is innocent, then the official campaign of vilification against him over the past few months must be counted among the most horrendous legal scandals in modern American history. The only reason we are not speaking in terms of "McCarthyism" and "witch-hunt" is that the worst media culprits are located firmly on the liberal end of the spectrum, and, as we all know, only conservatives can be guilty of hysterical yellow journalism.

Following the anthrax attacks in the fall of 2001, suspicion immediately fell upon Middle Eastern enemies, above all Iraq, a linkage that made a U.S. attack upon that country almost certain. Soon, however, federal agencies began publicizing their belief that the anthrax originated within the United States, probably from a "lone wolf" scientist with ultra-right views. Since this theory immediately took the heat off Iraq, it was wonderful news for administration doves, especially in the State Department.

Over the past year, federal law-enforcement agencies leaked a series of stories aimed directly at establishing the guilt of Steven Hatfill, who had the misfortune to head their list of suspects. Of course, any story that actually named Hatfill would have been libelous, so the *New York Times* used a pseudonym, "Mr. Z." (Apparently, the name "Josef K" had already been taken.) On July 2, *Times* columnist Nicholas Kristof published what amounted to a brief for the prosecution. The story not only argued strongly for the guilt of "Z" in the 2001 attacks but implied his involvement in earlier acts that can only be termed "genocidal." Kristof publicly asked the FBI, "Have you examined whether Mr. Z has connections to the biggest anthrax outbreak among humans ever recorded, the one that sickened more than 10,000 black farmers in Zimbabwe in 1978-80?" Of course, even if Hatfill were arrested, such a claim would never surface in a trial; it would, however, float in the background of leftist conspiracy theory, polluting the minds of any conceivable jury, convincing them that they were dealing not just with a Hatfill but with a Mengele *redux*. Have you stopped exterminating your minorities?

By August, the federal law-enforcement/media complex was ready to strike, and the FBI undertook a massively publicized search of Hatfill's apartment. Meanwhile, the news media—the Justice Department's entertainment division—were full of stories more or less proclaiming that *we have our man*. Had he not even written an unpublished novel strikingly prophetic of the actual anthrax attacks? An arrest and trial must be imminent: The lone wolf was caged.

And then things started to fall apart. No worthwhile evidence against Hatfill came to light, and many of the associations of time and place that seemed to connect him to the crimes proved false or misleading. Even the much-vaunted novel that foretold the attacks proved to be irrelevant, except to the extent that, like a hundred other thrillers from the 1990's, it dealt with the general theme of biological warfare against the United States. Hatfill repeatedly offered to take medical tests that would measure his exposure to anthrax, and he basically did everything he reasonably could do to prove he had nothing to do with the attacks. That's right: Hatfill had to *prove his innocence*, to establish that he had not committed the crimes, actual and rumored, that were surfacing almost randomly in the media. In the process, any concept of "innocent until proven guilty" was ignored.

Perhaps the lowest point in the whole outrageous story occurred in Nicholas Kristof's column immediately following the Justice Department's open naming of Hatfill as a lead suspect. Recalling his earlier stories about "Mr. Z," "the overwhelming focus of the investigation," Kristof noted smugly that "I didn't name him. But over the weekend, Mr. Z named himself: He is Steven J. Hatfill." Note the suggestion that Hatfill's name came to light not because of systematic leaks from the FBI or the Justice Department but because he decided—presumably on a whim—to place himself at the center of this horrible story.

Seeing how slavishly media outlets like the *New York Times* reproduce official statements, I sometimes refer to that newspaper half-seriously by the name of *American Pravda*. Following this latest affair, I would like to apologize to *Pravda*.

—*Philip Jenkins*

JEAN CHRÉTIEN, the prime minister of Canada, is perhaps the best embodiment of Coolidge's statement that, when it comes to success, persistence is better than talent, intelligence, connections, or money.

Chrétien was literally the man who wouldn't leave. Since beginning his political career in 1964 as a Liberal MP from Quebec, he has been around Ottawa continuously, whether in the House of Commons or as a cabinet minister in the Pearson, Trudeau, and Turner governments. His ubiquity makes me wonder whether Canadian voters picked him and the Liberals to lead their country back in 1993 because they generally supported the Liberals or because they felt sorry for Chrétien, since he had been around for so long but never got to live on Sussex Drive.

At the end of summer, however, Canadians finally had enough. Actually, most Canadians had had enough of Chrétien before then, but it took the Grits a while to realize that the numerous scandals, gaffes, and the general cynicism of his government had lowered the prime minister's poll numbers into dangerous territory. Finance Minister Paul Martin had spent the past few years undermining Chrétien's control of the Liberal Party to such an extent that, by the time he met with his fellow party members in a caucus at Saugernay, the numbers were telling. Chrétien could not win the leadership review at the upcoming February party meeting. Canadians were finally tossing him out.

None of the movers and shakers on Bay Street (or in the rest of the country, for that matter) bought Chrétien's claim that he had told his wife two years ago that he was going to step down. In fact, many have been surprised that the old gut-fighter didn't duke it out with his bitter rival, despite being behind in the polls. That is what Chrétien has been

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good at: political fighting, tactical planning, general scheming—the kinds of things that separate the career politician from the true public servant.

"I win, therefore, I am," was how Chrétien's biographer summed him up. While Chrétien allowed his Cabinet ministers wide latitude and independence to formulate policy, he pursued his favorite pastimes: political strategizing, vendettas, and wire-pulling. This led to such master strokes as pushing through the Clarity Act of 1996 (which all but prevents another secession referendum in Quebec), to convincing Jean Charest to abandon the leadership of the Progressive Conservatives to head up the Liberals in Quebec, to delaying his departure date to February 2004—just long enough to frustrate the aging Martin's ambitions and to encourage others to jump into the leadership race.

Arguably, Chrétien's legitimate successes as prime minister were largely the work of others—Martin's financial plan got rid of deficits left behind by the spendthrift Brian Mulroney and the PCs, while Charest did much of the leg work to keep Quebec in Canada during the 1995 referendum. Chrétien benefited from these, as well as from the implosion and descent into idiocy of the conservative opposition.

But the revenge of the man who wouldn't leave may yet play out in an Ottawa movie house—or on Parliament Hill. Chrétien says that he will spend his remaining time as lame duck in a Clintonian search for his "legacy." Who is to say, if he's not successful, that he will not feel energized to run again, especially if his approval ratings go up? Moreover, a crisis in the War on Terrorism or another Persian Gulf War might make him feel duty-bound, as FDR did, to run for another term in the name of national security.

After all, his mandate doesn't run out until 2005—plenty of time to heal his image. He has kept his Cabinet members from running leadership campaigns, and Martin, while controlling the party machinery, has no choice but to submit to Chrétien's wishes, lest he open up an even deeper wound in the Liberal Party, for which many Grits would not forgive him. A sizable minority of Liberals began to sympathize with the prime minister when Martin's attacks on him during the summer-festival and burger-flipping, picnic-party circuit turned personal and nasty. The Liberals don't normally stage mutinies against their leaders (unlike the Conservatives), especially against sitting prime ministers who have won three straight elections, and Martin didn't provide much of a rationale for them to dump Chrétien other than *"It's my turn, and my father never got elected prime minister."*

Drop out of the leadership race, and, in two to three years, come back to the wide acclaim of party members and win a fourth term as prime minister. Farfetched? Not for a political animal like Chrétien.

—*Sean Scallon*

BRAZIL is about to receive another IMF bailout, funded chiefly by American taxpayers. While the main beneficiaries will be a few private banks whose loans are at risk, there is practically no public debate about the deal.

This is the second Brazilian bailout in only four years. In the summer of 1998, the IMF put together a $41.5-billion rescue package to help Brazil avert a financial crisis. On September 29 of that year, the *Financial Times* warned that "Washington [is] on red alert over Brazil . . . damage to Latin America's largest economy would bring crisis right to U.S. front door." Earlier in 1998, according to the Federal Reserve, U.S. bank exposure to Brazil had exceeded $27 billion; by contrast, these same banks only had a $6.8-billion exposure in Russia. "If Brazil goes," debt strategists at Merrill Lynch warned, "there will be no way of shielding the U.S. economy" from the crisis. In the end, Brazil did not "go," because public money was used to rescue private investors who had placed capital into risky but lucrative ventures. The absence of private-creditor involvement was a striking aspect of the bailout program. The message to creditors was clear: Be calm; stay put; you will be fully paid.

It is, therefore, not surprising that, over the past four years, private banks have continued lending money to Brazil at double-digit rates of interest: They trusted the United States to bail them out again in case of trouble, and they were right. It did not have to be that way. When Mr. Bush took office, the Treasury Department implemented a new strategy: not granting direct aid (such as that given to Mexico in 1994) and refusing to support the IMF rescue packages. When Argentina started collapsing late last year, Treasury Secretary Paul O'Neill assured the American people that the days of mega-billion-dollar bailouts of failed economies south of the border were over. Recently, he said that "wasting taxpayers' money in a country plunged in political uncertainty like Brazil didn't seem like a very good idea." Such statements did not make him popular south of the border, but they made economic and political sense.

Mr. O'Neill, however, did not keep his promise. When he returned from a four-day whirlwind tour of South American capitals earlier this month, his promise of a $1.5-billion U.S. loan for Uruguay was soon overshadowed by the announcement of the latest IMF bailout package for Brazil, amounting to $30 billion. For the second time in four years, we were told that the United States "had to act" to prevent South America's largest economy from defaulting on its public debt, which is close to $300 billion. That debt will never be repaid, but, on Wall Street, it is necessary to pretend otherwise—and Uncle Sam is footing the bill to maintain the illusion. This is yet another example of corporate welfare: Most of the IMF largesse will be funneled to Citigroup, FleetBoston, and J.P. Morgan Chase, who will be the first in line to be covered against default. They have made billions through risky, high-interest investments in Brazil, and they may rest assured that their wager will remain covered.

There is no incentive for the Brazilian government to change its profligate ways if the IMF comes to its rescue every time it is unable to cope with the burden of debt. As a result, Brazil and other Latin American countries are flirting with radically populist, antimarket, and antitrade futures, which is the exact opposite of the intended effect of the rescue package.

Secretary O'Neill said Washington supported the deal because Brazil had shown that it had "the right economic policies in place to maintain stability so that the economy can continue to grow." His assurances were echoed by IMF chief Horst Kohler, who declared that "Brazil is on a solid long-term policy trend which strongly deserves the support of the international community."

That is wishful thinking, however. The next Brazilian presidential election will be won by one of two leftist demagogues, neither of whom intends to follow the fiscal austerity dictated by Washington. The Workers' Party (PT) candidate, Luiz Inacio (Lula) da Silva, and leftist ex-finance minister Ciro Gomes both have big leads in the polls over Washington's favorite, the government-

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backed Jose Serra. The market-friendly policies that seemed to offer the hope of stability and prosperity in the early 1990's are growing more and more unpopular. That the new government will not mend its ways is obvious from an op-ed by PT congressman Aloízio Mercadante in the *Folha de Sao Paulo* on August 13: "The new IMF loan will not solve the crisis by itself . . . Without the re-establishment of external lines of credit, a new deal will only postpone the inevitable and make the nation further indebted . . . "

New loans to "defend production" and "create jobs" will perpetuate the underlying weaknesses of Brazil's economic and political system, leading to another bailout three or four years from now. Until then, however, Wall Street bankers will continue their business as usual in Rio. Fresh loans and rollovers will be seen as an unceasing source of secure profits, underwritten by the U.S. government. This is unpardonable. In domestic financial markets, bankruptcy proceedings and other regulations ensure that, when debtors cannot repay their loans, both the creditor and the debtor share the burden. Similar arrangements are urgently needed in international debt arrangements, ensuring more immediate private-sector participation and burden-sharing so that public-sector funds are not used simply to repay private creditors. Creditors must be made to think more carefully about those to whom they lend their money.

—*Srdja Trifkovic*

SPENCER ABRAHAM's August trip to Moscow may have solved one of the chief puzzles of Russian politics as well as underscored Washington's intent to cultivate Moscow as a possible alternative to OPEC as an energy supplier. Energy Secretary Abraham promised his Russian counterpart, Igor Yusufov, that the United States would help fund Russian geological research in East Siberia and the Arctic Shelf and offered Moscow technical assistance in creating a strategic oil reserve, both of which have a direct bearing on the fortunes of Russia's current "Oligarch Number One," Roman Abramovich.

Abramovich, the super-rich (and young—he's in his mid-30's) boss of one of Russia's largest oil companies, Sibneft ("Siberian Oil"), and a partner with fellow oligarch Oleg Deripaska in "Russian Aluminum," the second-largest producer of aluminum products in the world (after Alcoa), was elected governor of what is arguably Russia's most remote and benighted region, Chukotka, in December 2000. Abramovich immediately sought to cultivate ties to Alaska, Chukotka's neighbor across the Bering Strait.

At the time, Russian media reports were filled with puzzled speculation on why the oligarch, already one of the richest and most politically influential men in Russia, would want to become governor of an Arctic wasteland that has lost half its population in recent years as residents have fled its harsh climate and grinding poverty. Time and again, Russian media observers pointed out that, despite its potential mineral wealth, the prohibitive costs of extracting and transporting Chukotka's permafrost-bound oil, gas, gold, and other resources made any economic-development plans a big loser, with or without Alaskan help. So far, Alaska's main export to Chukotka has been humanitarian aid for its unfortunate residents. (There are only about 70,000 left in the vast territory.) Most analysts concluded that, even with Alaskan aid in rebuilding the region's collapsing infrastructure, Chukotka would likely remain forbidding and unprofitable.

The reclusive Abramovich has repeatedly claimed that he views Chukotka as something of a hobby, an interesting project for a bored oligarch. Borrowing Lenin's slogan from the era of the Soviet New Economic Policy as his main campaign promise, Abramovich swore he was in Chukotka "seriously and for a long time." Abramovich was reportedly shocked by the poverty of the depressed region when he first visited it, and many Russians, especially those who have benefited from the magnate's largesse (*e.g*, paying off wage arrears to the region's workers and sending practically every child in Chukotka on summer vacations to the Black Sea and other resort areas) have come to see "Roma" as a philanthropist, perhaps influenced by his own difficult childhood. (Abramovich was orphaned at a young age.) Some pundits have even claimed that the shy oligarch hoped to use the governor's post as an opening into "big politics," perhaps seeing himself as a future prime minister or presidential candidate. His cross-border contacts would be good experience for a novice politician.

The answer to the puzzle of Abramovich's Chukotka "hobby" and his keen interest in Alaska, however, may lie in Russia's recent efforts to present itself as a potential alternative supplier of oil and gas to the West, especially since the September 11 attacks raised questions about the reliability of Middle Eastern oil supplies. Abraham's meeting with Yusufov, an Abramovich "clan" ally, may help justify Abramovich's hopes for Chukotka, particularly in view of Abraham's promise to help fund geological research in the region, an area said to have a geological structure close to that of Alaska's North Slope. As many commentators have pointed out, exploration and exploitation of Chukotka's oil and gas fields is seriously hampered by Russia's lack of modern technology. But American technical aid and investment, especially from firms with experience in extracting oil under extreme conditions in Alaska, could make the Chukotka fields quite profitable. Moreover, as Russia's *Profil* magazine pointed out, "Roma" is the "only one" standing at the narrow Bering Strait "crossing" to Alaska and the lucrative North American market. Thus, U.S. firms may see Chukotka as a potential Russian Klondike, one that "Oligarch Number One" cannot effectively take advantage of without their help.

If U.S. firms do get seriously involved with "Roma," they had better watch their wallets and their backs: he is a master of sleight-of-hand Russian "business practices," making him a legend among the country's oligarch/gangster elite. More than one business partner has left a joint project with Abramovich with empty pockets—and those are the lucky ones who haven't wound up wearing a pair of cement overshoes. Then again, after the Enron and WorldCom scandals, maybe Abramovich could learn a thing or two from his American partners.

—*Denis Petrov*

OBITER DICTA: The Rockford Institute is planning an **International Convivium** in **Paris, France,** on the French Revolution and Jacobinism. Call **Christopher Check** for details at (815) 964-5811.

Our poet this month is **Ruth Moose**, whose work has appeared in the *Atlantic*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, *Yankee*, and *Southern Poetry Review*. She is a member of the creative faculty at the University of North Carolina-Chapel Hill and has published two collections of short stories.

Our art this month is provided by **Earl Keleny** of Madison, Wisconsin, whose other clients have included *Barron's*, American Airlines, Simon & Schuster, the Franklin Library, *Newsweek*, and Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey. An extensive portfolio of his work can be found at *www.earlkeleny.com*.

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by Thomas Fleming

Made in USA

September 11, 2001, has joined the short list of dates—December 7, 1941; November 22, 1963—that every American is supposed to remember what he was doing when he heard the news. I learned of the first plane crashing into the World Trade Center as I was sitting on my screened porch, listening to the newsless propaganda from NPR (I like Bob Edwards, because he is loyal to his hometown of Louisville) and staring out past my seven-foot-high hedges at the yellow school buses that were lining up at the corner.

A few weeks earlier, when the first buses, fresh with new paint, spelled the return of autumn, I had experienced a disturbing *aperçu*, a flashback, perhaps, to the 60's, and I saw the line of yellow buses as so many train cars carrying prisoners to a concentration camp, where they would be stripped of their humanity and told to bless the re-educators who destroyed their minds. Every morning, I had the same hallucination, in which the rowdy children were turned into hopeless and world-weary detainees, and every morning I thought to myself: *This is how it begins, and within a few years I will be ready to replace Mel Gibson in* Conspiracy Theory.

To preserve what is left of the sanity it is widely assumed I have never had, I started work on a novel in the form of a diary written by a man who has been cursed with the ability to see things as they really are—much as Aeneas, his mortal illusions stripped away by his divine mother, sees the gods at work destroying Troy. The running theme, I thought, would be NPR news, which, every morning and evening, sends out a constant stream of propaganda, teaching college-schooled Americans that everything in their life can be explained as a conspiracy of whites against blacks, reds, yellows, and browns; of straight men against women and homosexuals; of citizens against aliens; and of people who work and produce against the drones who must be compensated with reparations for centuries of exploitation.

The NPR answer to every problem is power to the government: Up with the state, and down with the people! To be fair, it is the same answer given by the networks, the *Times* and the *Post* and the little chain papers—pellets of poison sent out daily by Knight-Ridder and Gannett, Inc.—and all the professionals who do the thinking for elected officials who have more important things to do with their time. Do rampaging homosexuals create a plague that costs millions of lives and trillions of dollars? The answer is more value-neutral but government-enforced sex education and more government-guaranteed bathhouse rights. Do Islamic militants bring off the biggest terrorist attack against America in the country's history? The solution is to increase the rights of Muslims and to crack down on ordinary Americans. Airport security guards cannot be bothered to check out Saudi terrorists—Saudis are not even on a watchlist with other Middle Easterners—they are too busy harassing little old ladies or ripping apart their granddaughters' teddy bears. It is enough to lead a prudent man to increase his martini ration from one (double) to three . . .

Sinnissippi Crossing is a middle-sized mob town in a Midwestern mob state. Every day, as I drive downtown, I shrink with fear at the site of a Sinnissippi County police car. Am I wearing a seatbelt? Are the tags current? Do I have license, registration, and proof of insurance in the car? Is the city sticker up to date? Other people do not have to worry so much. After all, in a mob town, the facts matter less than connections and money; I, however, have little money, and my reputation as a political troublemaker might earn me 20 years for a speeding ticket. I made the mistake of thinking that the Sinnissippi middle class might be willing to resist the *coup d'état* imposed on their school system by a federal judge. I was wrong and have been paying the price ever since for my naive faith in the good hearts of Middle Americans. Standing up for justice and equality and opposing racial quotas is now defined as racism by the powers-that-be, including our local daily, the *Sinnissippi Star*, a dead planet in the albatross galaxy of chain newspapers. The *Star* ran a top-to-bottom front-page picture of me next to selected quotations from the Ku Klux Klan. This is what we call journalism in America.

I do not like to eat out, since I have been followed by a police car more than once as I came out of a restaurant. One evening, after a dinner at Finnegan's Wake Irish Pub, my wife and I were harassed for 30 minutes by a paranoid policewoman who asked me to say the alphabet backward and was not amused when I asked her *which* alphabet. When my wife began getting out of the car to go check on our daughter, whom we were picking up from a movie theater, Officer Denise virtually threatened to shoot her. To this day, I do not know whether Denise Scoubidù (obviously a Rumanian) was after me personally or simply doing her duty as a public intimidator.

Sinnissippi Crossing is only a little worse than other towns in this great state of Kahokia, where the governor is accused of taking bribes in return for the commercial drivers' licenses he handed out to illiterate and incompetent immigrants when he was secretary of state. It only became an issue when one of his licensees wiped out an entire family. But that is the way of the world, and nothing to complain about. The deeper problem with Kahokia is that even the so-called conservative Republicans in the legislature are always willing to pass any piece of busybody legislation, so long as it is deemed "in the public interest." A few years ago, they adopted the most insane child-protection law in the world, replacing concern for "keeping the family together" in the previous law with the phrase, "the best interests of the child." Parents in Kahokia dare not leave a 12-year-old unattended for fear they might face a visitation from the Child Protectors. And just last week, the state's Solons decided that anyone under the drinking age, in or out of an automobile, who is caught with alcohol will forfeit his driver's license. This will save lives, they explained. So would public execution or life imprisonment or a billion-dollar fine or mutilation or gang rape or exile or any of a thousand unjust and irrelevant punishments I can think of.

Homeschooling families, in particu-

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lar, had better watch out. If young Justin or Jason is left alone for an hour while Mommy takes little sister Heather to the doctor, he might decide to raid the family stash of Boone's Apple Farm Wine. The parents would probably get 20 years, and little Jeremy or Jonathan would lose driving privileges for life. As it is, the conservative Republican governor, Thievin' Steven (as he is known affectionately), had proposed registration of all homeschooled children with the local school district. When the plan leaked out, he backed off and confined the registration to immunization records—which, as few people seem to realize, amounts to the same thing.

Sinnissippi is an average city in Kahokia, which is dead average for the entire USA, the made-in-Japan replica of the United States that was manufactured in the decades after World War II. Some people know that, after the war, enterprising Japanese manufacturers set up a town called "USA," which justified them in putting "Made in USA" on their products, but what almost nobody knows is that "USA" (pronounced "You-Say") slowly replaced the old America. Jack Finney, in his novel, and Don Siegel, in the film version, tried to warn Americans about the danger of the "Pod People" bent on wiping out the last traces of the old America we had known and loved, but the *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* was denounced as McCarthyist—as if communists, not liberal zombies, were the problem.

"In the aftermath of September 11th" (as every commentary must begin) the Usans knew it was time to strike. Dusting off the plans for total government that they had been keeping on the back shelf for years, they quickly rammed through a series of measures that would have astonished the architects of previous American coups. The President of USA, of course, could not be let in the project. He thought—as did many members of his administration—that America (he did not even know it had been replaced by USA) faced the greatest crisis in its history and needed to take vigorous steps, somewhat short of a declaration of martial law, as if a killer hurricane had wiped out South Florida.

Domestic security—and surveillance—became the nation's number-one priority. The world's largest software company, facing severe penalties for monopolistic practices, surrendered all its "virus codes" to the Homeland Security Agency, which was soon renamed, in the shadow Constitution of 2002, the Ministry of the Interior. Ordinary citizens were enlisted in the Civilian Intelligence Corps, which taught them to tap phones and sift through their neighbors' garbage for illegal fireworks, evidence of alcohol abuse, high credit-card debt, or adulterous affairs that might invite blackmail. All patriotic citizens were asked to cooperate with the CIC by removing curtains and blinds from their windows and cutting down hedges that obscured the view. This last request gave rise to a popular parody that was passed along on the internet before it was shut down:

Oh say, can USA
Take the freedom away
That our ancestors won
At the point of a gun?
You do not have to guess,
'Cause the answer is "yes."
If you call us dictators
You must be all traitors.
If you want to grow old,
Better do as you're told.
So let's all take the pledge
To cut down the hedge.
In USA those star-spangled banners
still wave,
But the land of the free lies cold in
the grave.

The fact that Middle Eastern Muslims had done the deeds presented a problem. Muslims were useful to the Usans, because they continued the erosion of every healthy attachment that Americans had ever had—loyalty to country, to Europe, the West, Christianity—and, all over the globe, Muslims were persecuting and murdering Christians. They were among USA's greatest allies—the greatest, in terms of total numbers. Unfortunately, USA and the Muslims were in a conflict in the Middle East, which helped to bring about the attacks of September 11; in the long run, however, what were a few thousand Americans, when the destruction of Christendom was set in the balance?

Decent Americans were caught off balance. Seeing that leftists were defending the civil rights of real and potential terrorists, they naturally swallowed the Usan line and clamored noisily, each of them offering to be the first to surrender his last civil liberties.

The test case was Johnny Walker Black, "the American Afghan." (He looked like a cross between a woolly rug and a floppy-eared puppy with a long nose.) Johnny was a dumb California kid, brought up by leftists in a broken home. Searching for something deeper in his life than California's endless pursuit of more toys, he learned about Islam from an Usan public-school indoctrinator. An extremist, like all young converts, he set out for the ultimate in Islamic societies—Afghanistan under the Taliban—and when USA invaded Afghanistan to retaliate against the great number of Afghans who carried out the terrorist attacks of September 11 (exactly zero), he found himself in arms, potentially fighting for the country of his adoption against the country of his birth.

Usans and Americans alike howled for his blood, though not a shred of evidence turned up to show that he had ever fired a shot against Usan troops. The government, which was unable to make murder or treason charges stick, fixed on the fact that he had seen military service with an enemy of USA. No matter that, when he enlisted, Afghanistan was not at war with USA (to be technical about it, it never was): The mere fact of enlisting in a foreign army was bad enough. No one seemed to remember the thousands and thousands of Americans, mostly ex-military, who had volunteered for brushfire wars around the globe, much less the recently retired officers sent surreptitiously and illegally by the Usan government during President Hefner's administration to help the Muslims and Croats in Bosnia. The worst violence committed in Europe since the end of World War II—the expulsion and murder of the Krajina Serbs—was, in fact, planned and assisted by these "retired" Usan officers.

Exile would certainly have been an appropriate sentence—and a harsh one, if it meant living in Afghanistan—for a misguided kid. USA (not America) is a country where child-rapists are sent to psychiatric hospitals for a few years before being turned loose to rape again—and kill. None of these arguments were heard in the government-controlled media, and Black would serve a sentence corresponding, appropriately, to the number of years he had already lived. Nationalist Usans complained that he got off too easy, and civil-libertarian intellectuals made no complaint. As one foreign-born professor (Jenkin Phillips) explained to me, "This was no time to shed tears for renegades who took up arms against America." Thomas More said he would give the benefit of law to the Devil himself; a Brit or Usan today would scarcely grant so much to St. Michael the Archangel, if he drew his sword in an

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American airport.

In the first year after USA's emergency call, I traveled to Europe several times, and foreigners and expatriates alike were horrified by the Usan reaction. Not since the days of the Irish "Mafia" President John K. Rumson had an American administration been so prepared to risk world war. But the friend of Sam Giancana had been conveniently removed from office on one of those dates you are supposed to remember what you were doing. I was a college student, reading Greek in the afternoon, partying all night, and sleeping till noon. I had to be told about the tragedy. As a young liberal, I wondered what difference it made to real life, if a crooked president from the Northeast was replaced by a crooked president from Texas. As an aging and obviously paranoid reactionary, I could not help wondering what difference it made to real life if USA won the war on terrorism by eliminating the last pockets of America . . .

I am so allergic to the tall hedges in front of my house that I dare not trim them myself, and there must be some mind-altering resin in the leaves, or perhaps it was the second martini that produced this nightmare. No one in his right mind would even dream such a bizarre fantasy, which I have only shared with my readers as a means of warning them against those who, as our gallant attorney general says, aid the terrorists by complaining about the loss of civil liberties in USA.

Pruning the Ficus

by Ruth Moose

Not tree, but bushy house shrub,
this plant has lived with us five years.
Summers it had a deck chair,
then inside a staircase
landing one winter
even warmed by a Grolight.
It outgrew three pots, one after
another like a school boy in too short
pants. Finally it found a large
window and filled the space
into an indoor forest.

Pruning was all I knew to do.
Cut the sprawling limbs back
to the spindly trunk. As I cut,
each limb gave a sigh or snap or crunch,
depending on size and age. (Twigs snap,
limbs sigh, large limbs crunch.)

When I was done
Ficus looked taller, older,
its knobby trunk naked
as the neck of a toddler
after his first
hair cut.

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by Roger D. McGrath

American MAGIC and Japanese-American Spies

The competition for victim status is fierce in today's America. Considering their disproportionate degree of success here in the United States, it is ironic that, for the last several decades, Japanese-Americans have been engaged in that competition. The relocation camps of World War II are now called "concentration camps," relocation itself is referred to as "internment," and the evacuation and relocation of Pacific Coast Japanese is claimed to have been done only for "racist" reasons. Since President Franklin D. Roosevelt was ultimately responsible for the program, conservatives and libertarians would love to find him guilty of committing great transgressions against the resident Japanese without good cause. Such, however, was not the case.

When the Japanese perpetrated their sneak attack on Pearl Harbor, there were some 112,000 Japanese living on the Pacific Coast, largely in California. About 40 percent were resident aliens; the remainder having been born in the United States, were citizens. That only tells part of the story, however. The citizens were mostly children or teenagers; when Japan bombed Pearl Harbor, their parents automatically became enemy aliens. Moreover, the Japanese emperor claimed all Japanese born overseas as subjects, and the resident Japanese regularly had their children's names inscribed on the scrolls of their home villages in Japan and sent their children to "Japanese school" on Saturdays. The schools were staffed with Shinto priests who doubled as Japanese agents and inculcated a fierce devotion to the Japanese emperor in the children. Some of the children, becoming Americanized, grumbled about the Saturday schooling, but, being dutiful sons and daughters, they attended class.

Meanwhile, American cryptographers had broken, one after another, various Japanese codes. The work of the code breakers was brilliant, and, as a consequence, their decryptions became known by the name MAGIC. The MAGIC program was top secret and only revealed on a need-to-know basis to the most senior officials of the government. Eight volumes of MAGIC files were published by the Department of Defense in 1977. What they reveal is, like the decryption itself, stunning: Far from the resident Japanese not acting as spies and agents of an enemy power, hundreds of them were feeding information to Japan. If the U.S. government had arrested the individual spies, it would have been obvious that the United States had broken the Japanese codes. Faced with such a dilemma, President Roosevelt saw the evacuation of all Japanese from the Pacific Coast as the only answer.

Throughout 1941, the United States frequently intercepted reports of Japanese resident aliens ("first generation Japanese") and Japanese-Americans ("second generation Japanese") providing information to Japanese agents. In a decrypted message from May 9, for example, a Japanese agent in Los Angeles reports,

> We have already established contact with absolutely reliable Japanese in the San Pedro and San Diego area, who will keep a close watch on all shipments of airplanes and other war materials. . . . We shall maintain connection with our second generations who are at present in the [U.S.] Army, to keep us informed of various developments in the Army. We also have connections with our second generations working in airplane plants for intelligence purposes.

In a decrypt from May 11, a Japanese agent in Seattle mentions "second generation Japanese" and intelligence concerning "the concentration of warships within the Bremerton Naval Yard, information with regard to mercantile shipping and airplane manufacture, movements of military forces." The agent also says that "we have made arrangements to collect intelligences from second generation Japanese draftees on matters dealing with troops, as well as troop speech and behavior." A "first generation Japanese," who is a union committee chairman, is identified as providing a report on the labor movement. "[F]or the collection of intelligences with regard to anti-participation organizations and the anti-Jewish movement, we are making use of a second generation Japanese lawyer." And so it goes for hundreds of pages. Names of the resident Japanese (aliens and citizens) are often mentioned, although they are blanked out in the files published by the Department of Defense.

Occasionally, a Japanese spy was arrested but only when his arrest would not compromise MAGIC. Richard Kotoshirodo, a Japanese-American working with a Japanese agent in Hawaii, was arrested shortly after the bombing of Pearl Harbor. The agent's telephone had been tapped for months, and, from the conversations heard over the line, it was clear that Kotoshirodo was supplying the agent with intelligence concerning the U.S. Navy. Once war broke out, Kotoshirodo's activities could have gotten him executed for treason. However, his intelligence was relayed to Japan by the agent in code, and a trial would have required the admission that the United States had not only intercepted the signals but decrypted the code. Kotoshirodo was simply transported to Topaz Relocation Center in Utah. I do not know whether he was alive in the 1980's to collect his $20,000 from Uncle Sam, but he would have been eligible to do so.

Before the publication of the MAGIC files, the "blame America first" writers and activists had some legitimacy. Although there were plenty of holes in their arguments, the proposition that the United States overreacted to the threat posed by Japanese aliens and Japanese-Americans on the Pacific Coast was not entirely invalid. That most of the same writers and activists persist in their arguments in the face of the MAGIC revelations reduces them, unless they are somehow ignorant of the files, to propagandists or irrational victimologists.

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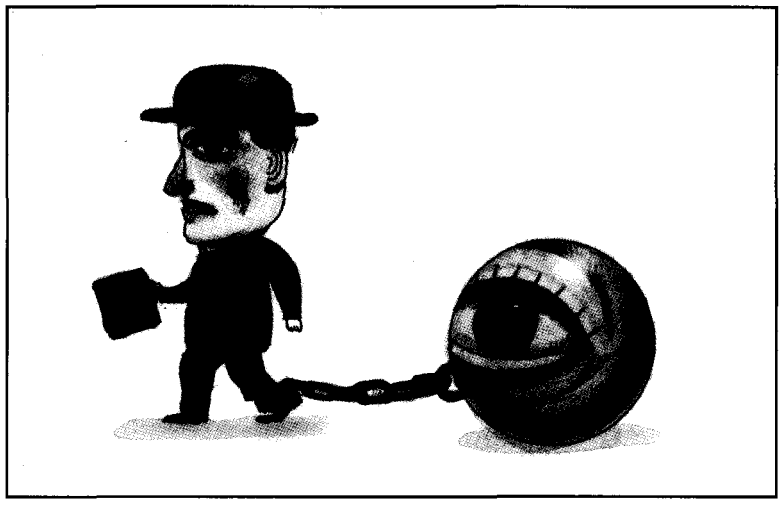
Larry Ellison's Golden Age

Profiteers of the Warfare State

by Justin Raimondo



Earl Keleny

Larry Ellison has an idea. The relentlessly self-promoting CEO of Oracle Corp., a Silicon Valley software company famous for its ability to grab government contracts, envisions post-September 11 America as a country where everyone walks around with a "smart card." Days after the terrorist attacks, the opportunistic Ellison was all over the media claiming that "We need a national ID card with our photograph and thumbprint digitized and embedded in the ID card."

Naturally, it would all be backed up by an Oracle database. And, of course, he will do it for free—at least until the first inevitable "upgrade."

The only way to protect ourselves from terrorists is to "ensure that all the information in myriad government databases was integrated into a single national file," says Ellison. Oh, and we should not worry about the government intruding where it is not supposed to, because privacy is so *pre-September 11*: "Well, this privacy you're concerned about is largely an illusion," Ellison told news anchor Hank Plante of San Francisco's KPIX-TV shortly after September 11. "All you have to give up is your illusions, not any of your privacy. Right now, you can go onto the Internet and get a credit report about your neighbor and find out where your neighbor works, how much they [*sic*] earn and if they [*sic*] had a late mortgage payment and tons of other information."

We are all serfs now, anyway, so why not wear the slave collar and be done with it? It is an interesting argument to make, and oddly compelling—but not to real Americans, who never were serfs and never will be.

We have been so busy worrying about Big Brother snooping, says Ellison, that "we've made it impossible for the government to protect us." That's right: It is *our* fault that the FBI obstructed its own terror investigation and failed to detect a terrorist plot more than five years in the making. Besides, all this anxiety about such archaic abstractions as "liberty" and "privacy" is rather dated. "Two hundred years ago, Thomas Jefferson warned us that our liberties were at risk unless we exercised 'eternal vigilance,'" writes Ellison in the *War Street Journal*—but "Jefferson lived in an age of aristocrats and monarchs."

We, on the other hand, live in a age of yuppies and demagogues, when such old-fashioned niceties as individual liberty and the right to be left alone have long since ceased to exist. Welcome to the new world, the world according to Larry Ellison; and please, put on your slave bracelet—it is for your own protection.

These entrepreneurs of terror, who profit from the pandemic of spreading fear, are a species apart, one which has adapted to the post-September 11 atmosphere quite well, thriving like maggots fattening on a corpse. *GovExec.com*'s "Tech Insider" page, which "looks at how business gets done in the federal technology market," noted on February 1, 2002, that the fear market is *hot*:

> Players big and small in the federal technology game have their knives out and are carving up a brand new market: homeland security. The Sept. 11 terrorist attacks have spurred the biggest push yet toward a vision of seamless, electronically integrated government that tech firms have spent years pitching to federal agencies. With agencies finally willing to act, it's feeding time for companies.

At the public trough, many snouts compete for a larger share of the swill:

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> In the four months since the attacks, dozens of technology companies have tried to sell themselves as the answer to the government's security prayers. Suddenly, projects like a multi-million dollar database integration effort for the entire federal law enforcement community, explosive detection equipment for luggage screening at every U.S. airport and new surveillance technologies for the domestic war on terrorism are all possible, and they're all business.

In the wake of the terrorist attacks, many Americans turned to religion for consolation. Our governing elites, however, turned to technology—or, rather, to a faith in technology that approximates religion. Their faith, however, may be shaken by the first major "software glitch" in the system: They fail to recognize that software is no substitute for the kind of *human* intelligence that our law-enforcement agencies so lack. If what Colleen Rowley says is true—if, indeed, top FBI officials obstructed the pre-September 11 antiterrorism investigation—then a "database integration effort" is irrelevant.

These crony capitalists, however, are still swarming like vultures after a fresh kill, according to *GovExec.com*: "Between the slew of daylong security seminars hosted at the Washington offices of top technology contractors and the endless stream of association- and consultant-sponsored breakfast training sessions on how to sell to the government, corporate marketing, sales and acquisition teams are working overtime." And, of course, Larry Ellison's Oracle is right up there on top:

> Some, like Oracle, the leading seller of database software to the government, stepped onstage early. In the days after Sept. 11, Oracle CEO Larry Ellison put the company that built its business on the public sector smack in the middle of the homeland security agenda by calling for the creation of a national identification card and offering to help build the data system behind it. Ellison has been pushing the security mantra for years and now appears more ready than ever to make the vision a reality. Meanwhile, company officials remain focused on making sure the technology to do the job will actually work.

The last brick of the World Trade Center had not even hit the ground before Ellison was out there making his sales pitch. He is a fine example of good old-fashioned American entrepreneurial spirit—deformed beyond recognition by the disease of military socialism.

The oracular Ellison and his fellow crony-capitalists are pushing the concept of "E-government," which *GovExec.com* describes as "the long-vaunted recipe for making government act more like a business." While it is unlikely that any sort of software can convert an engine of coercion into something more "user-friendly," Ellisonian "E-government" may succeed in making business act more like government. In an era when the only significant growth is in the size and cost of government, and the federal bureaucracy is the only expanding market, successful entrepreneurs will have to adapt to the new rules or perish. Instead of correcting the inefficiencies of government, these firms will encourage and replicate them—or lose their only customer. (Ellison, himself, is a total creature of the state. Oracle's first major customer was the CIA. In a deal that launched the company in 1977, cofounders Ellison and Robert Miner talked the CIA into letting them revive a lapsed $50,000 contract to build a special database program.)

This is "capitalism" in our nightmarish age: a hideous and even repulsive system of cronyism ruled by sleazeball CEOs and their pet politicians. For the ultimate example of crony capitalism, check out In-Q-Tel, the CIA's venture-capital fund. Its mission: to "identify and invest in cutting edge information technology solutions that serve US national security interests." Its website (*www.in-q-tel.org*) describes In-Q-Tel as "a hybrid between public and private-sector business models," and it surely is that—the crony-capitalist version of the Cold War-era Congress of Cultural Freedom. (The CCF was a CIA project through which certain neoconservative intellectuals—Irving Kristol among them—became the beneficiaries of U.S. government largesse.) Since intellectuals no longer matter that much—all of them have been bought off, anyway—it is time for the entrepreneurs to have their turn.

Chartered in February 1999, In-Q-Tel focuses on the internet and, after September 11, began moving rapidly into "blogger" technology: the software that allows users without programming skills to set up and run websites on their own. In-Q-Tel's latest project is Traction Software, Inc., which describes itself as a leader in next Generation Enterprise Weblog software, delivering interoperable, inexpensive, rapidly-deployable, open and easy-to-use tools for groups and teams to communicate." Of course, the proliferation of "weblogs" or "blogs"—personal online journals—was already a booming phenomenon before the terrorist attacks, but they gave rise to many more: The whole "warblogging" phenomenon has demonstrated that they are excellent tools for spreading rumors, smearing people, and casting the memes of war far and wide. Now, the government wants to get in on the act—that is, if they have not been in on it all along.

But In-Q-Tel and Oracle are small fry compared to the big oil and construction companies that stand to profit most from the "War on Terrorism." If this war becomes increasingly focused on a strategy of Middle Eastern conquest rather than defending American territory against terrorist attacks, the real profiteers will reap the riches of empire. Richard Perle and the Pentagon's Defense Policy Advisory Board have floated a plan to seize the oilfields of Saudi Arabia, under the pretext of "fighting terrorism." Rumor has it that, in the event of a U.S. invasion of Iraq, the U.S. government is planning to seize the kingdom's airports—and, as the succession to the Saudi throne becomes an issue, there are even intimations of a U.S.-led coup against Crown Prince Abdullah, whose subservience to American and British oil giants has been judged insufficient.

A war of conquest in the Middle East would be crony capitalism in action. The beneficiaries would be the oil companies who, denied access to the rich oil and natural-gas fields of the region on terms they deem acceptable, will gain untold wealth—at gunpoint. It is the equivalent of a stick-up, on an international scale.

The War on Terrorism has ushered in the apotheosis of what Murray N. Rothbard called the "Welfare-Warfare State." Under this rubric, our crony capitalists and their politician friends will profit, while the rest of us are fleeced, taxed into penury in the name of "national security," and enslaved in the name of the fight for "freedom."

In-Q-Tel head honcho Gilman Louie jets between Washington, D.C., and Silicon Valley, meeting with lobbyists; politicians, and government administrators. "The fun part is going into [CIA headquarters at] Langley and talking to national security people and giving them tools to get their jobs done," he says. Yes, some people are having fun: For Gilman Louie, Larry Ellison, and the profiteers of the Warfare State, these dark days are a Golden Age.

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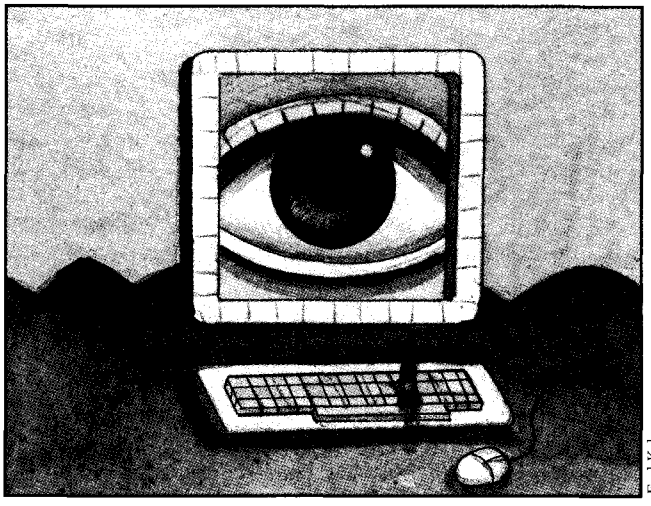
"Outside the Box, but Never Outside of the Constitution"

A Defense of "Ordered Liberty"

by Stephen B. Presser



Earl Keleny

Is the Ashcroft Justice Department busily engaged in shredding the Constitution under the cover of September 11? We are, the President tells us, at war, and in war, we are often told, the first casualty is civil liberties. Some feared that this was the case when Attorney General John Ashcroft, in July, unveiled his TIPS plan ("Terrorism Information & Prevention System"). TIPS was designed, as *Business Week*'s Jane Black explained, to use "your cable guy, meter reader, even your postman to voluntarily [*sic*] report any and all suspicious information about you to a new, central FBI database"—the better to ferret out future Muhammad Attas.

Enlisting these service personnel was thought to be a way to conduct household searches without obtaining a warrant, thus making what celebrated Boston "civil-liberties lawyer" Harvey Silverglate called "an end run around the Fourth Amendment." The horror generated by TIPS was instantaneous and virtually universal, and, within a scant few weeks, the program appeared dead when Congress prohibited any "national snitching programs" (as *Slate* reporter Dalia Lithwick called them) in the draft of the as-yet-unpassed Homeland Security bill. The ACLU had been predictably shrill; legislative counsel Rachel King warned that "Law enforcement may end up chasing information based on uninformed citizens who have their own biases or may be prejudiced." At a Senate hearing, Sen. Orrin Hatch (R-UT) said that "We don't want to see a *1984* Orwellian-type situation here where neighbors are reporting on neighbors." Woody Harrelson, the Hollywood actor most noted for his portrayal of what London's *Daily Mirror* called "the dim barman" in *Cheers*, said that "The war against terrorism is terrorism. The whole thing is just bullsh-t."

Eternal vigilance, the cliché has it, is the price of liberty, and congressional vigilance may have saved us from TIPS, but was this too little, too late? In the wake of September 11, with almost no dissent (the House vote was 356-66, the Senate vote, 98-1), Congress passed, and the President signed, the Uniting and Strengthening America by Providing Appropriate Tools Required to Intercept and Obstruct Terrorism Act ("USA PATRIOT Act.") Its chief architect was U.S. Assistant Attorney General Viet D. Dinh, a former prominent member of the Federalist Society, former law professor at Georgetown, and former clerk for Supreme Court Justice Sandra Day O'Connor (and a possible future first Asian-American appointment to the U.S. Supreme Court under a Republican president). The PATRIOT Act, Mr. Dinh explained in a speech to the District of Columbia Bar Association, was no more than a simple means of preserving the "ordered liberty" beloved of Edmund Burke, by "updating the law to reflect new technologies." Al Qaeda and Osama bin Laden, Mr. Dinh noted, were taking advantage of modern means and so should the Justice Department, since "Knowing what we now know about al-Qaida, it is easy to see that its radical, extremist ideology is incompatible with, and an offense to, ordered liberty." "Al-Qaida seeks to subjugate women; we work for their liberation," Mr. Dinh told the Washington lawyers. "Al-Qaida seeks to deny choice; we celebrate the marketplace of ideas. Al-Qaida seeks to suppress speech, we welcome open discussion."

Accordingly, for the first time, the USA PATRIOT Act per-

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mitted the CIA and the FBI to conduct domestic surveillance by performing, in Mr. Dinh's words, "online searches on the same terms and conditions as the general public." It also "authorized the sharing of intelligence information across government departments so that we can compile the mosaic of information required to prevent terrorism." Finally, the PATRIOT Act spelled out new authority for detaining suspicious characters. As Mr. Dinh put it, "Any infraction, however minor, will be prosecuted against suspected terrorists." This implied that the prosecutorial discretion of the Justice Department was to be employed in order to "remove from our streets those who would seek to do us harm," but Mr. Dinh was at pains to point out that this was not "preventive detention," even though the European Convention on Human Rights (to which, of course, the United States does not subscribe) "allows states to subject a person to preventive detention 'when it is considered necessary to prevent his committing an offence.'"

Mr. Dinh claimed that the Justice Department had "taken every step at our discretion, used every tool at our disposal and employed every authority under the law to prevent terrorism and defend our ordered liberty." He sought to calm possible fears on the part of the D.C. Bar, assuring them that "We have done so with the constant reminder that it is liberty we are preserving and with scrupulous attention to the legal and constitutional safeguards of those liberties." Indeed, he added, Attorney General Ashcroft's "charge to the Department after 9/11 was simply: Think outside the box, but never outside of the Constitution." Less than reassured, John Seiler, in the same edition of the *Orange County Register* in which Mr. Dinh's speech was published, complained that "Alleged terrorist Jose Padilla, a U.S. citizen, is being held without charges, in violation of the Fifth Amendment right to 'due process' and the Sixth Amendment right 'to be confronted with the witnesses against him'" and that "Vast new powers to snoop and arrest have been advanced" under Ashcroft, including a proposed "Cyber Security Enhancement Act," which would allow "e-mail snooping without a search warrant, in violation of the Fourth Amendment." Seiler quoted Rep. Bob Barr of Georgia (one of the Republican managers of the Clinton impeachment effort), who had charged the Bush administration with "a massive suspension of civil liberties in a way that has never been done before in our country. These changes are so vast and fundamental [that they] will likely set precedents that will come back to haunt us terribly."

There have not yet been many judicial examinations of the administration's antiterrorism measures, but one occurred in the court of Clinton appointee Gladys Kessler, U.S. district judge for the District of Columbia, whom the *Wall Street Journal* calls "a famous liberal." Following the policy Mr. Dinh outlined, the federal government detained some 1,182 persons, all foreign nationals, without publicly disclosing the names of the detainees. Sensible people should have wondered whether this indicated that something is wrong with our immigration policies; instead, the chattering classes nattered about what this portended for civil liberties. Former Clinton secretary of state Warren Christopher, for example, compared the fate of these alien detainees to Argentina's "disappeareds."

Unlike the disappeareds, however, most of the detainees were released, so that, by the time Judge Kessler issued her opinion on August 2, probably fewer than a quarter of them were still in custody. These included 74 people charged with violating immigration laws, 73 accused of violating some other federal law, and an undisclosed number under lock and key as material witnesses in terrorism cases. The American Civil Liberties Union, Amnesty International, Human Rights Watch, People for the American Way, the *Nation*, and 17 other "public interest organizations," as Judge Kessler called them, brought a Freedom of Information Act (FOIA) proceeding demanding that the government release the names of all of those detained, the circumstances of their detentions or arrests, the nature of the charges filed against them, the identities of their lawyers, and other information, including any "policy directives or guidance issued to officials about making public statements or disclosures about these individuals." Precisely why these "public interest organizations" wanted this information was unclear, although some suggested that they were seeking to find out whether the government had used "racial profiling" in the course of the arrests and detentions.

> Eternal vigilance, the cliché has it, is the price of liberty, and congressional vigilance may have saved us from TIPS, but was this too little, too late?

The government fought the disclosures on the grounds, among others, that FOIA exempted the release of information that could "reasonably be expected to interfere with [criminal law] enforcement proceedings," "could reasonably be expected to constitute an unwarranted invasion of personal privacy," or "could reasonably be expected to endanger the life or physical safety of any individual." The government argued that to release this information would give the nation's terrorist enemies too many clues about how much we knew and when we knew it, allowing them to put bits and pieces together to create a "mosaic of information" of the type Mr. Dinh had said the government itself was building. To release such information would also put the families of detainees at risk of possible terrorist retaliation and would subject the detainees, their families, and their lawyers to public scorn or danger from Americans who might suspect them of complicity with the terrorists.

Judge Kessler was persuaded that law enforcement might be compromised by revelation of the details and circumstances of the detainees' arrest and detention, but she ordered the names of the detainees and the names of their attorneys immediately released and found that the government had not sufficiently searched their files to reveal policy directives that ought to be turned over to the "public interest organizations" under FOIA. Judge Kessler did rule that any detainee who requested it could keep his name secret (thus presumably avoiding the possibility of retaliation), but she was unpersuaded that the release of the names of detainees or counsel would compromise the government's law-enforcement efforts or result in danger of retaliation to any detainee's counsel. That last part of Judge Kessler's opinion was particularly delightful; she observed that

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lawyers are a hardy brand of professionals. The legal profession has a long and noble history of fighting for the civil liberties and civil rights of unpopular individuals and political causes, ranging from their advocacy on behalf of WWI dissidents, to their resistance to McCarthy era abuses, to the defense of persons accused of heinous capital crimes.

To the assertion made by the government that members of the public might "seek to retaliate" against detainees' lawyers because they might be perceived as "working against the interests of the United States," Judge Kessler proclaimed that "Not only is there no evidence of such retaliation, but the Government assumes, without any support, that citizens do not understand the role of defense lawyers in the American system of justice."

> The federal government detained some 1,182 persons, all foreign nationals, without publicly disclosing the names of the detainees. Sensible people should have wondered whether this indicated that something is wrong with our immigration policies.

In truth, the government's aim in concealing the names and details of the detainees was not the protection of lawyers but the frustration of terrorists. Judge Kessler's opinion was greeted with official dismay. Assistant Attorney General Robert McCallum said that Kessler's ruling "impedes one of the most important federal law enforcement investigations in history" and that it "harms our efforts to bring to justice those responsible for the heinous attacks of September 11." The *New York Daily News*, citing these remarks, stated in an editorial that Kessler's decision was "dangerous" and that it "made it easier for Al Qaeda and friends to keep tabs on their operatives in the U.S. or at least to know whether their cohorts have been nabbed by the feds." This, however, was an unusual press reaction, as virtually all of the commentary immediately following the ruling praised Kessler for striking a blow for liberty.

A week after Judge Kessler's ruling, the administration appealed it to the D.C. Circuit, indicating that the judge had, in the words of the AP, "missed the point about keeping the names secret." The *Wall Street Journal* predicted that Kessler's ruling would not survive appeal. (I am not so sure.) What her decision probably means is that the more adventurous parts of the USA PATRIOT Act and any Homeland Security Act are likely to have a difficult time withstanding court challenges. Indeed, any future actions on these matters brought in the Federal District Court for the District of Columbia are likely to be assigned to Judge Kessler, on the grounds that she is now more familiar with the issues involved. This is suggested by the fact that Kessler was also assigned the case brought by the Holy Land Foundation for Relief and Development ("the nation's largest Muslim charity," according to ABC News), protesting its designation as a "terrorist group" and the seizure of its assets by the U.S. government. In that case, Kessler gave what ABC called "a sweeping victory to the U.S. Justice Department." She ruled that "Both the government and the public have a strong interest in curbing the escalating violence in the Middle East and its effects on the security of the United States and the world as a whole" and, further, that the government's tactic in taking control of the foundation's assets was "an important component of U.S. foreign policy, and the President's choice of this tool to combat terrorism is entitled to particular deference." However, Kessler allowed the foundation to proceed to trial on its claim "that the government's entry onto its corporate premises and removal of its property without a warrant violated its constitutional right against unreasonable search and seizure." Still, she acknowledged that "the government advanced strong arguments in support of its position defending the search and seizure," perhaps hinting that the ultimate ruling even on this issue would favor the Justice Department.

There are those who believe that the United States and, indeed, the world were irrevocably changed by the events of September 11, but a federal bench with great discretion to protect what it deems "civil liberties" and to favor "public interest organizations" was certainly left unchanged. Judge Kessler's somewhat inconsistent rulings—some favoring the government, some favoring "civil liberties"—do nothing if not demonstrate the great discretion she and other federal judges have in interpreting the Constitution. The Constitution only protects against "unreasonable" searches and seizures and only requires "due" process. But who can say what is "reasonable" and what is "due" when we are dealing with lunatics bent on our destruction who believe that, by obliterating themselves as they fly jetliners into tall buildings, they will be guaranteed mansions in paradise inhabited by 70 doe-eyed virgins?

Both the "public interest organizations" that brought suit in Judge Kessler's court and the Ashcroft Justice Department claim a commitment to the Constitution. In Mr. Dinh's speech to the Washington lawyers, he made reference to Benjamin Franklin's "now-famous statement, that 'They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety'"; he then argued, however, that, unless security can be maintained, there is no hope for liberty—and he is surely correct. Perhaps it is significant that, since September 11, there has not been another large-scale terrorist strike against the United States, and our freedoms have not evaporated (except, perhaps, at our airports). If either of these situations changes, it is doubtful that the courts can do much about it. Litigation has too often been the tool of choice for those seeking political or cultural change, but, as the varying results produced in Judge Kessler's court show, it is an uncertain enterprise when dealing with national security and terrorism.

Perhaps that is at it should be. If the Bush administration and the Ashcroft Justice Department are effective in protecting us from those who would seek to destroy us and in preserving ordered liberty, we ought to be able to judge for ourselves, just as we ought to be able to discern their failure. We have means through the ballot (or even through impeachment) of replacing the government if it acts contrary either to our wishes or to our Constitution, and that, rather than recourse to the courts, is probably the best means of preserving liberty.

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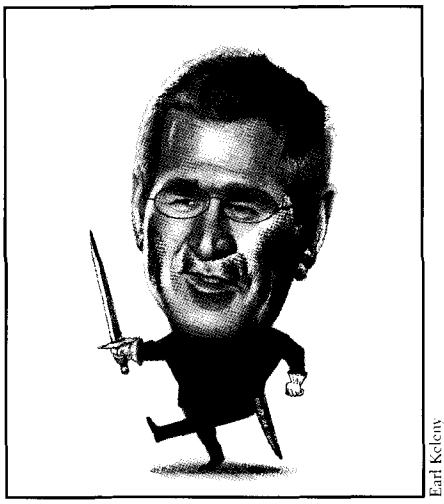
George W. Bush: Wilsonian Liberal

More Guns and Butter

by Mark Royden Winchell



Earl Kelly

If constitutional liberties are as old as the republic itself (older if you include the tradition of English common law), violations of those liberties are just as old. John Adams and Thomas Jefferson threw their political opponents in jail, Andrew Jackson pursued a policy of genocide against this continent's original inhabitants, and Abraham Lincoln unleashed a wave of terrorism on innocent civilians that would make Osama bin Laden blush. The closest precedent to the hysteria currently gripping our nation, however, can be found in the second administration of Woodrow Wilson (1917-21). In shaping the American understanding of foreign policy, Wilson was probably the most important president of the 20th century. His influence has become so pervasive in establishment circles that, as we enter a new century, it passes for bipartisan wisdom. This fact has had disastrous implications both for America's role in the world and for life within our own borders.

Many regard Theodore Roosevelt as the father of American imperialism. Roosevelt, however, was a throwback to the 19th century. If he wished to extend the American empire, it was for fairly crass political and economic reasons. In contrast, Wilson was a Puritan ideologue who envisioned an ideal world order. The prospects for a noninterventionist foreign policy had been severely damaged by William Howard Taft's humiliating defeat for reelection in 1912. (The only nonimperialist in the race, Taft came in a dismal third to Wilson and Roosevelt, who was running a third-party campaign on the Bull Moose ticket.) By the time Wilson ran for a second term in 1916, his bellicose Republican opponent Charles Evans Hughes managed to make the President himself look like the peace candidate. In his campaign, Wilson reminded the public that "He Kept Us Out of War," even as he was plotting to involve America in the conflict raging in Europe. As disingenuous as he may have been as a politician, Wilson was never less than totally sincere in his ultimate objective to "make the world safe for democracy." His ability to win wide public support for that goal led to an unprecedented increase in the size and scope of government. Since that time, we have scarcely looked back.

In order to justify our entry into what was essentially a foreign war, domestic warmongers needed to demonize Germany as a superpower bent on spreading Prussian authoritarianism throughout the civilized world. Lurid press accounts of the "Rape of Belgium" tended to confirm this demonology in the public mind. Then, on May 17, 1915, the British liner *Lusitania* was sunk off the coast of Ireland by a torpedo from a German submarine. The death of 1,200 noncombatants, including 128 Americans, was enough to cause such saber rattlers as Theodore Roosevelt to demand an immediate declaration of war. Wiser political figures, such as Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan, urged restraint.

As despicable as the attack may have been, the *Lusitania* was carrying British munitions. It had sailed without convoy or protection, and the captain had ignored instructions to proceed at full speed and with great caution upon entering the war zone. As a *Washington Post* editorial pointed out, Germany had a right to prevent contraband from reaching the Allies. Longstanding international custom would have required the German submarine commander to visit and search the ship, but the British had taken to disguising machine guns on deck and opening fire. For the British to rely on passengers to protect the *Lusitania* from attack was "like putting women and children in front of the army." While Bryan wanted to warn Americans to avoid booking passage on ships that might be vulnerable to attack, Wilson took a harder line, asserting the "indispensable" right of Americans to travel the high seas and demanding both

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Mark Royden Winchell's latest book is "Too Good to Be True": The Life and Work of Leslie Fiedler, *published by the University of Missouri Press this past spring.*

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an apology and reparations from Germany. After a subsequent exchange of hostile notes between Wilson and the Germans, Bryan resigned in protest.

Although it did not approach the horrors that would be unleashed on September 11, 2001, the slaughter aboard the *Lusitania* helped confirm the image of Germans as bloodthirsty madmen who had to be stopped. (The actual declaration of war came nearly two years later, when Germany threatened to sink any ship attempting to enter or leave British ports.) In the midst of all this righteous indignation, not enough people questioned whether the perfidious Hun posed a demonstrable threat to American interests or whether a crusade to make the world safe for democracy could or should be won. While jingoist Anglophiles were already beating the war drums on general principles, Wilson secured the support of what passed for the mainstream American left with a combination of utopian militarism abroad and ambitious social reform at home.

While a policy of "guns and butter" can be economically hazardous, it has often been a politically winning combination for liberal politicians. As the election of 1916 approached, Wilson prompted a Democratic Congress to pass sweeping measures dealing with workman's compensation, child labor, an eight-hour working day, and rural credit. In addition to enacting every major domestic plank of the 1912 Progressive Party platform, the President won the support of such progressive liberals as Walter Lippmann, Herbert Croly, Lincoln Steffens, Ida Tarbell, Ray Stannard Baker, John Dewey, Charles A. Beard, and Thorstein Veblen. He was also backed by the Railway Brotherhoods, the American Federation of Labor, and the Non-Partisan League. Advocates of limited government might have raised a few eyebrows, but everyone else seemed to be on the gravy train—with the recently passed personal income tax paying the bills.

While garnering liberal support and expanding the powers of the federal government, Wilson effectively isolated groups and individuals on the far left, who continued to oppose entering the European war and who could not be bought off. These opponents subsequently became the targets of governmental repression under the Espionage Act, passed on June 15, 1917, a mere two months after the United States had entered the world war. Although this law was ostensibly directed at foreign nationals whose behavior was obstructing the war effort, its provisions were broad enough to suppress the First Amendment rights of virtually anyone who opposed the administration's policy. Wilson soon launched a loyalty program for government employees and established a Committee on Public Information with broad propaganda and censorship powers. In fact, the war fever was at such a high pitch that Wilson had to reign in some of his more zealous subordinates. Local and state officials and private bands of vigilantes went virtually unchecked. Although it was not technically a crime to belong to the Industrial Workers of the World (the Wobblies), members of that organization and many independent radicals were targeted for harassment. Because these people were hardly sympathetic victims in the eyes of most Americans, their rights were easily violated.

Despite widespread opposition to the war on the part of many Wobblies, the IWW was an economic organization, which took no official position on foreign or military policy. Nevertheless, when the union struck against mining and lumber interests in the Far West in 1917, several governors claimed that it was an attempt to obstruct the war effort. On September 5, the federal government began a nationwide roundup of hundreds of IWW leaders. Eventually, thousands of Wobblies were arrested, many of them on the basis of uncirculated antiwar pamphlets that had been printed before America entered the war. While most were released after the intimidation of a few days in jail, union president Big Bill Haywood and 165 other men were indicted in Chicago for violating the Espionage Act. Although it is doubtful that any actual spies were ever convicted under this act, it allowed the government to imprison dissidents for months under appalling conditions without ever formally charging them. (By the time they were actually tried and convicted, many had already served out their entire sentences while awaiting trial.) The excuse of a wartime emergency enabled the powers that be to crush a dissident group that had enjoyed constitutional protection during peacetime.

If anything good came of this systematic assault on the Bill of Rights, it was the backlash it produced on the part of several factions that championed constitutional liberties for fundamentally different reasons. The most superficial of these consisted of partisan Republicans, such as Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge, who cared more about scoring political points against the Democrats than about defending universal principles. A more sincere commitment was shown by a group of leftists, led by patrician socialist Roger Baldwin, who formed the National Civil Liberties Bureau. At a time when there was no other *organized* support for the embattled dissidents, the Civil Liberties Bureau risked the wrath of the government to guarantee constitutional protection to American citizens and resident aliens alike. (Baldwin spent several months in prison for failure to comply with the military draft.) Finally, the jackbooted tactics of the Wilson administration took heat from such Western Progressives as Robert M. LaFollette, William E. Borah, and George M. Norris. Although these men opposed both the war and domestic repression, they kept their distance from doctrinaire socialists such as Baldwin and Eugene V. Debs, as well as from anarchists, such as some of the Wobblies.

At first glance, George W. Bush would seem to be an unlikely inheritor of the Wilsonian legacy. Perhaps to his credit, he has never been accused of being an intellectual with a paradigmatic worldview. Unfortunately, the political establishment in Washington (whether "liberal" or "conservative," Republican or Democrat) is filled with people who fit that description. The bipartisan foreign-policy consensus of the Cold War era virtually destroyed the noninterventionist tradition of the Old Right. Although that tradition made something of a comeback after the fall of the Soviet Empire, American policy abroad continues to be shaped by former Cold Warriors who are ideologically committed to maintaining the American Empire. Persons of such a mindset predictably saw the attacks of September 11 as the justification for a more interventionist military posture around the globe.

It is one thing to want to strike back at those who attacked us. It is a fundamentally different matter to launch a "War on Terrorism." If terrorism consists of attacking civilians for military or political ends, most countries—including our own—have been guilty of such a practice. By definition, a war on terrorism cannot be won. (In the heady days after September 11, President Bush actually spoke of fighting a war against evil itself.) To define our objectives in such grandiose terms, however, gives our government warrant to attack virtually any country in the world without explicit provocation. While Iraq may become the first casualty of the Bush Doctrine, it probably will not be the last.

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Like our earlier war to make the world safe for democracy, the "War on Terrorism" has resulted in an expansion of the size and power of government at home. When Republicans are out of power, they talk about eliminating Cabinet departments; Bush Senior, however, gave us the Department of Veterans Affairs, while Bush Junior has created a Department of Homeland Security. Although it is not clear that swelling the bureaucracy and moving boxes on the organizational chart will make us more secure, it will create more patronage jobs for the political class—an objective that almost always enjoys bipartisan support. In an effort to maintain the high public-approval rating necessary to wage war, Bush has abandoned any pretense of budget restraint, even in areas having nothing to do with national security. (The recent farm-subsidy bill was pork-barrel politics at its worst.) Like Woodrow Wilson, FDR, Lyndon Johnson, and (to a lesser extent) Ronald Reagan, our affable current leader has found the pursuit of guns and butter necessary for political success. Democrats are technically correct in pointing out that we have been swept from an historic budget surplus back into a river of red ink. But the cause is an orgy of public spending, not tax cuts that have yet to take effect.

Because there has been relatively little domestic opposition to the War on Terrorism, the First Amendment has not yet been subjected to the attack that it suffered under Parson Wilson. However, suspected terrorists (American citizens among them) have been held indefinitely without being charged with a crime or enjoying the benefit of counsel. The one area where a large number of Americans have encountered a police state is at the airport. Much of the current nonsense could be avoided if the airlines would simply reinforce cockpit doors, arm pilots, and issue counterfeit-proof identification cards to Al Gore, 85-year-old grandmothers, and others who pose no realistic threat to air safety. I can only conclude that the current system (in which DEA agents are allowed to pack heat but have their fingernail clippers confiscated) is the result of either criminal ineptitude or the government's desire to make a show of brute force. A population that will acquiesce to such indignities is unlikely to mount the barricades to defend the civil liberties of others.

To what historical role models should present-day constitutionalists look for inspiration? Certainly not to knee-jerk political partisans. The landslide vote in favor of the draconian Patriot Act proves that Democrats are not likely to challenge the Bush administration on the War on Terrorism. If anything, they are clamoring for a bigger share of the action—although no one seems to think that Congress should actually discharge its constitutional responsibility to declare war. From time to time, principled conservatives have made common cause with left-wing civil libertarians. But a permanent alliance seems unwise. If authoritarians have trashed the Constitution, the American Civil Liberties Union—which is what the National Civil Liberties Bureau became—has frequently read its own ideological biases into that document. As a result, the ACLU has discovered privileges never intended by the Framers (the right to have an abortion or to be protected from public displays of religious sentiment), while virtually ignoring some actual provisions of the Bill of Rights (*e.g.*, those contained in the Second and Tenth Amendments). What we need are constitutional traditionalists with backbone. The old-time Progressives were of that breed. So, too, was Robert Taft, when he persuaded the Senate to reject Harry Truman's attempt to conscript striking railway workers into the Army in late 1945. (That measure had just passed the House, 306 to 11.) Can anyone imagine Trent Lott taking such a stand today?

Although it is theoretically possible to endorse an interventionist foreign policy while advocating limited government at home, such a pairing rarely works in practice. Throughout the Cold War, the welfare state expanded under both Republicans and Democrats. An increase in government benefits was the political price of a bipartisan foreign policy, which was deemed more imperative than any domestic reform conservatives might envision. Moreover, the bigger the government and the more awesome its responsibilities, the easier it was to curtail the liberties of those citizens who were not team players. As long as the ultimate end is noble enough, only pedants and obstructionists will quibble over means. In the "post-911 world," their time is apparently past. We are all Wilsonian liberals now. c

Upon Learning of a Friend's Affair Last Summer

by Ruth Moose

I envy
not the sex so much as having the words,
lover, tryst, paramour, and others
to try on like hats
in the attic of my mind. Think
of the games inventing afternoon escapes,
arranging alibis, secrets so dangerous,
so delicious you smile in your sleep.
Imagine all that creative energy:
hours spent reckless
in heated maps,
making excuses,
marking regret clauses,
breathing heavy
excuses.

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Chronicles Intelligence Assessment

The Etymology of "Homeland Security"

by Margie Burns

A search for the origin of the term "homeland security," which has emerged almost from nowhere since last September, leads to the little-known Institute for Homeland Security, formed in the Northern Virginia suburbs of Washington, D.C., in October 1999.

News reports have credited the term to Defense Panel member Richard L. Armitage, former CIA officer and now deputy director of state, who has demurred. On a webpage no longer available, however, the institute's homeland security analyst, John Wohlfarth, credited the term to a report entitled "Transforming Defense: National Security in the 21st Century," submitted by the National Defense Panel in 1997. That report actually uses a slightly different phrasing: "security of the homeland." But even if the NDP report is the original source, the phrase "homeland security" was little seen outside of the institute before September 11.

Just what is the Institute for Homeland Security? Its mission, according to *www.homelandsecurity.org*, is "To provide executive education and public awareness of the challenges to homeland security in the 21st century." A "nonprofit public-service research organization examining a new set of national security challenges," it produces workshops, programs for executive-level policymakers, a weekly homeland-security newsletter, a homeland-security opinion poll on its website, and the *Journal of Homeland Security*.

The longer name for this entity is "The ANSER Institute for Homeland Security," part of ANSER, Incorporated (also known as Analytic Services, Inc.), which is headquartered in Arlington, Virginia, with "field offices and operating locations throughout the world," according to its 1999 annual report.

Analytic Services, Inc., began as a research center for the Air Force in the 1950's, closed as a federal entity in 1967, and has garnered federal contracts and patents ever since. In 1993, the *Washington Times* listed ANSER's business areas as aerospace systems, civil systems, defense acquisition, information technology, military operations, and special operations. Agencies that have extended awards and agreements to ANSER include NASA, the Air Force Air Combat Command, the Russian Central Aero-Hydrodynamics Institute, the Russian Space Agency, and the Russian Academy of Sciences. ANSER also has cooperative agreements with the National Institute of Justice regarding "intelligent search agent" software in law enforcement. It received $1.7 million for "face recognition and intelligent software development," from the COPS law-enforcement discretionary fund, under the Virginia Office of Justice programs.

ANSER also offers online programs in cooperation with the American Military University in Manassas, Virginia, leading to certificates in Homeland Defense, Forecasting Terrorism, Intelligence, and Homeland Security. A course called "Homeland Security," conducted by the institute's director, Col. Randall Larsen, was scheduled for fall 2001 at the National War College, with the first lecture coincidentally scheduled for September 11.

In Fiscal Year 1998, the Department of Defense ranked ANSER 58th on its "Alphabetical Listing of the Top 100 DOD Prime Contractors for Research, Test, Intelligence, and Evaluation Work." ANSER's federal awards for Fiscal Year 2000 are listed at over $74 million. The company's annual report for 2000, the most recent available, records $73 million in revenues (preliminary unaudited) and $51 million in assets.

Since its inception, ANSER's Institute for Homeland Security has had a close working relationship with media owned by the Rev. Sun Myung Moon. Before last fall, the *Washington Times*, *Insight* magazine, and UPI were the principal mainstream outlets for articles by and about the institute and were the only places where you would read its catchphrase with any frequency. Since September 11, there have been more articles in Moon-owned publications. Perhaps the scariest of these is the July 1, 2002, *Insight* cover story entitled "Security Blanket," by senior writer J. Michael Waller, on the sudden unveiling of the proposed Department of Homeland Security (referred to as "DHS," with some presumption of household familiarity).

If you have a citizen's interest in where our national policy comes from, this article is illuminating. Waller begins by revealing the groundwork of this new edifice:

> Close reading of what the president said in his June 18 announcement, study of the official papers and legal documents, and interviews with senior administration officials involved in the DHS conception reveal that the proposed homeland-security reorganization is based on years of think-tank research, legal opinions, and policy reviews.

Similarly, "[Tom] Ridge appears to have benefited from years of extensive homeland-security research and debate by a range of outside groups that offered an array of off-the-shelf proposals the administration seems to have borrowed."

The "range of outside groups" turns out to have come from a rather narrow spectrum:

> Bush's plan also shows the fingerprints of a series of homeland-security and related reports prepared by the Center for Strategic and International Studies (CSIS), an independent think tank, under the general direction of veteran journalist Arnaud de Borchgrave with grants from Pittsburgh philanthropist Richard Mellon Scaife. And it should: Bush's special assistant for Homeland Security, Frank Cilluffo, was day-to-day manager of the CSIS studies and is regarded by professionals as one of the best-informed and most forward-looking thinkers on the issue.

"Veteran journalist" Borchgrave is, of course, the former edi-

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Margie Burns writes from Washington, D.C.

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tor-in-chief (currently editor-at-large) of the *Washington Times*, though Waller does not identify him as such. (Borchgrave also served as president and CEO of the Moon-owned UPI.) As for Mr. Cilluffo, among many other credentials, he was appointed, in June 2001, to the board of directors of Litronic, Inc., a firm that offers "professional Internet data security services." (He later resigned to join Tom Ridge's staff.) The company, now renamed SSP Solutions, Inc. (for "Secure Service Provider"), relies heavily on government contracts. Its website lists the Departments of Agriculture, Defense, Interior, Justice, State, and Treasury as clients, as well as the CIA, FBI, and NSA.

Inevitably, the proposed Department of Homeland Security will comprise parts of agencies doing business with SSP/Litronic. It is almost tiresomely obvious that having a former director of a company that enjoys massive government contracts serve in a government agency doing business with that very company is a conflict of interest.

You would think that the nexus of federal contracts, intelligence entities, and public-opinion manipulations by the controversially tax-exempt Moon businesses would have been investigated by journalists in the nation's capital, in the shadow of unprecedented attacks on American soil that make profiteering inevitable. (A "Homeland Security Investment Forum" has already been held—March 14, 2002, in Washington D.C.—featuring Dr. Helena Wisniewski, former ANSER vice president for information technology and current chairman and CEO of Aurora Biometrics.)

Instead, the Washington Post Company engaged in a joint venture with ANSER in 1998. According to its 1998 annual report, "Legi-Slate, a subsidiary of the Washington Post Company . . . and ANSER . . . announced a partnership [on April 15] to provide ANSER's summaries of congressional hearings on defense acquisition and readiness on Legi-Slate's online service . . ." The Post Company "disposed of substantially all" its Legi-Slate assets in 1999. But every article on ANSER in the *Post* has been favorable.

A recent *Washington Post* article on the conception of the new Department of Homeland Security omitted any mention of the Institute and ANSER. Just as *Insight* did, the *Post* relished the surprise element in President Bush's June 6 announcement of the new Cabinet office; the article is titled "Bush Plan's Underground Architects: In Silence and Stealth, Group Drafted Huge Security Overhaul" (June 9). The *Post*'s alternative history is worth quoting at length:

> According to [Andrew] Card and other sources, the work of the PEOC group [named for their underground meeting space, the Presidential Emergency Operations Center] can be traced back to Bush's presidential campaign, when he and his opponent, then-Vice President Al Gore, agreed on the need to bolster the country against terror. This subject intrigued Cheney, who "did a deep dive" into the available research and theories, Card said.
>
> Aided by a small staff, Cheney examined security proposals from commissions headed by former Virginia governor James S. Gilmore III, by former senators Gary Hart (D-CO) and Warren B. Rudman (R-NH), "and others, going back a ways," Card said . . .
>
> When terrorists destroyed the World Trade Center and damaged the Pentagon, Cheney's work became the basis for Bush's announcement nine days after the attacks that he was creating the Office of Homeland Security, led by Pennsylvania Gov. Ridge . . .

It seems more likely that, long before the September 11 attacks, and probably long before Mr. Bush or Mr. Cheney were elected, the institute and its boosters were engaged in a partly public, partly quiet campaign to assemble a "Department of Homeland Security," "second Pearl Harbor" package.

Unfortunately, much of the nation's press is heavily influenced by the papers in the nation's capital; what Washington media outlets report is usually destined for reiteration across the country, and what they omit may pass unnoticed elsewhere.

For the past three years, a shadow coalition has worked to put into place an "antiterror" package that has done far more to transfer public money to private individuals and companies than to prevent attacks.

Perhaps the strangest part of the press's quiescence in the establishment of the new department is the acceptance of the term. Among other associations, it brings to mind the "homelands" established for blacks in South Africa under apartheid. (Conversely, all drafts of the Balfour Declaration of 1917 promised not a "homeland" but a "home" for the Jewish people, as did the British White Paper of 1922 and the League of Nations Palestine Mandate of 1922.) At best, "homelands," in this country, have always been those lost places torn from people seeking asylum here—precisely because we did not have something called a "Department of Homeland Security," or secret police, political prosecution, and indefinite detention. A more respectable term, such as "domestic security," seems never to have occurred to anyone.

The phrase "shadow government" is too dignified to be fully appropriate, but, for the past three years, a shadow coalition of military, intelligence, and justice entities, and political candidates and their handlers, bolstered with support and assistance from think tanks and the press—and with too little scrutiny from the public—has worked to put into place an "antiterror" package that has done far more to transfer public money to private individuals and companies than to prevent attacks. Common sense would dictate that "coordinating" and "streamlining" would mean eliminating agencies, not adding another agency—much less combining its intelligence operations with the ceremonial functions of the White House.

What is going on here, among other things, is a dominance tactic. The "Department of Homeland Security" push may be as inane as President Gerald Ford's WIN buttons, but its establishment is a move to smother thought as well as speech with a loyalty-oath atmosphere of intimidation, comparable in U.S. history to the weird, stupid, but grievous insistence on "naming names" during the heyday of the House Un-American Activities Committee. c

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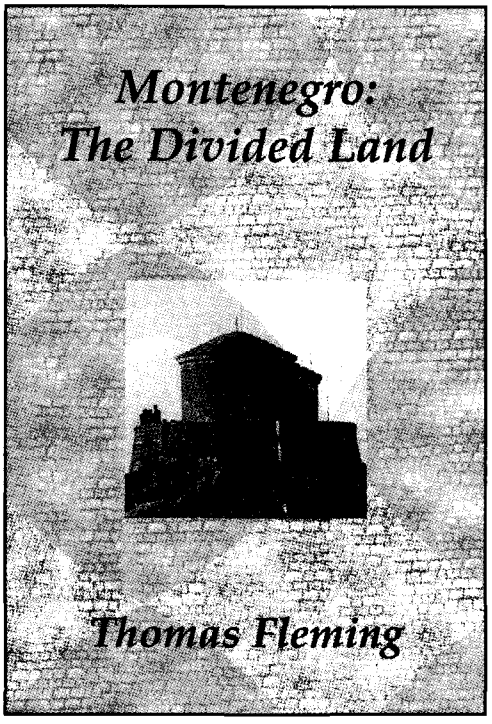
This Time, Be Prepared

The Serb land of Montenegro is once again at the crossroads of history. The blood-soaked mountains and dramatic coastline of this small land have been fought over by Illyrians, Macedonians, Romans, Byzantines, Turks, and Venetians, and, in the 20th century, by the armies of Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Germany. In World War II, Montenegro lost more men, per capita, than any nation of Europe, and now it is the latest target of the so-called international community, which has tried to create a phony separatist movement (complete with a bogus national church) to continue the disastrous policies that have involved the United States in wars over Bosnia and Kosovo.

Thomas Fleming has written the first well-researched history of Montenegro in the English language, taking the story from ancient times all the way up to the current crisis over separation from Serbia. This is no dry academic tome but a lively account of a brave people whose brave history rivals the tales of Leonidas and his Spartans at Thermopylae.



"Dr. Fleming has given us an unbiased history of our people that is compact yet thorough, with all the characteristics of a serious, well-documented, scientific study."

—Slavenko Terzic
Serbian Academy of Arts and Sciences

"Dr. Fleming's book is a fascinating account of the heroic struggle of the Montenegrin people to defend their freedom and liberty against all odds. It tells their magnificent story in a stirring narrative that combines scholarly research with astute observation of how this tiny nation today may yet face its greatest challenge."

—James Bisset
Former ambassador to Yugoslavia
from Canada

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Film Rose, Film Rouge, Film *Noir*

by J.O. Tate

"All you need to make a film is a girl and a gun."

—Jean-Luc Godard

Radical Hollywood: The Untold Story Behind America's Favorite Movies
by Paul Buhle and Dave Wagner
New York: The New Press;
460 pp., $29.95

Earl Kelemy

In 1947, an executive director of the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals deplored the "sizable doses of communist propaganda" in many films of the day. Leaving aside the question of whether "American ideals" could be identified—much less preserved—in the revolutionary medium of film, we would nevertheless yawn today at the nomination of such turkeys as *Watch on the Rhine*, *The North Star*, and *Mission to Moscow*. Of course they were propagandistic films, written by left-wingers and even by Stalinists. But also on his list was a sentimental bit of Americana, *The Best Years of Our Lives* (1946). Was it "communist" to show the ex-sergeant, played by Frederick March, lending money from the bank to a hard-pressed farmer?

Better yet, was it "communist" to render the psychological stress of the ex-bombardier, played by Dana Andrews, as he sat in the nose of a junked B-17 and fantasized that the engines were once again turning over? It was an unforgettable scene that said much not only about trauma but about the transition from a war economy. The coordination of elements in the junked-bomber scene transcends in its impact any ideological considerations, dramatizing a truth about war's aftermath. In an emotional Hollywood movie, that was—and is—a powerful piece of pure film.

Another film on the 1947 list was *The Strange Love of Martha Ivers* (1946), remembered today, perhaps, as Kirk Douglas's first movie and Lizabeth Scott's second, or, better, as a second-rate film *noir*, remarkable for its conflation of sex and violence. But where is the communist propaganda? The film suggests that great wealth is built on crime and deception. The guilt is expressed by the alcoholic wimpiness portrayed by Douglas for the first and last time in his career. All in all, the class conflict shown in this melodrama is straight out of Charles Dickens and other 19th-century sources of the popular imagination, and it is strictly routine. To write off *The Strange Love of Martha Ivers* would be to censor *Great Expectations* and *Bleak House*. The House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC) was barking up the wrong tree in at least some cases, probably because they judged by intention rather than by effect. Left-wing motivation was assumed to be culpable, regardless of the aesthetic experience. As we shall see, the assumptions of HUAC still prevail, though with the values reversed.

The anticommunist hearings of 1947 and 1951 are still with us, and for many reasons. The recent Hollywood hissy fits over an Oscar given to Elia Kazan only emphasize the point. The overwrought lamentations about the witch-hunt, the black list, the informers, and all the rest of it are oddly and revealingly overplayed. Hollywood still insists that it serves the community by making films with progressive values, just as the corporations do in their embrace of quotas and identity politics. Such inauthentic authenticity can be highly lucrative, but there is an ideological, as well as a financial, motivation. The "red diaper babies" have been replaced by "red Pampers babies," and the old game is played with new but familiar cards. Today, the story of the parlor pinks of Hollywood has become an academic matter when it is not just logrolling, and, in that spirit, Paul Buhle and Dave Wagner have attempted to account for decades of left-wing creativity in the movie industry.

To its authors' credit, *Radical Hollywood* is an extended, even scholarly treatment of a knotty and controversial topic. They might have done better, however, if they had taken on less. They have dealt, I think, with every active Hollywood left-winger in the 30's, 40's, and 50's, and with the changing politics of the New Deal, the war, and the Cold War from the point of view of those left-wingers. These were, indeed, the best years of American film, though it would be a mistake, I think, to attribute Hollywood's limited success altogether to left-wing tal-

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ent. Buhle's and Wagner's best work is done in obscure areas, such as old issues of the *Hollywood Quarterly*, and in attention to such relatively neglected figures as Irving Pichel. Their elaboration of almost-forgotten contexts and issues is sometimes impressive, but their treatment of the movies themselves is disappointing, and the climactic chapter on film *noir* is a letdown. In effect, Buhle and Wagner have presented a picture of the Hollywood radicals as they saw themselves, and largely in an uncritical spirit.

The story behind a great many movies is, in, fact *untold* by Buhle and Wagner, whose writing is so opaque from unbalanced sentences, pointless nuances, and semantic equivocations that they can hardly be said to have told much of anything. The heavy lifting required to translate their tome into sense or into English may be justified, however, though not for their declared reasons—or, rather, for what seem to have been their possible or presumptive reasons. The justification could be either an interest in film or an interest in the history of left-wing obsessions in 20th-century America, since Buhle and Wagner have used the first to cover their central commitment to the latter.

This dynamic duo has recommended, rightly enough, "When in doubt: See the movie." But seeing the movie does not help their case, if they have one. I mean, I was in doubt, and I saw the movie, and the movie said more and said it differently than Buhle and Wagner do. Of the eponymous Maltese falcon, they say, "Hammett had never conceived of a more brilliant device for illustrating commodity fetishism than this miniature statue, a miserable fake despite all the crimes committed to possess it." But it is not miniature, being life-size, and as "the stuff that dreams are made of," it is more than the Marxist reduction of itself, being surrounded by Christian imagery. Buhle and Wagner also think that "*Gone With the Wind*, Hollywood's biggest film for a decade, would be hard to beat as historic justification of a system vastly more widespread, brutal, and lasting than Stalinism." Implying that the success of the film was simply ideological, they scant the melodrama, the irony, and the charisma that sold tickets. Hattie McDaniel and Butterfly McQueen have not been used before to justify Stalinism, as far as I know; then again, justifying Stalinism is a strange reason for watching movies, as well as a bizarre reason for just about anything else. "Miz Scarlett, you quit that Trotskyite backslidin' and get in the house!"

Of Edgar G. Ulmer's *The Black Cat* (1934)—to pick a superb example of campy Gothic—they say,

> Ulmer made Lugosi the maddened former German commander who has returned to the site of his military triumph (and human disaster), where the commander of the rival army, played by Karloff, has kept the wife of his nemesis and a growing daughter away from the world.

They call the Boris Karloff character "paternally incestuous" and go on to add, "We might see it as reminiscent of Poe's collapsing southern mansions, but Ulmer himself described the film as allegory." Yes, but an allegory of what? In order to address that question, we need to get a few things straight. In the film, as distinct from Buhle's and Wagner's addled fantasy, the Karloff character ("Hjalmar Poelzig," an engineer) is not the rival commander (who would have been Russian, but has no role or mention in the film) but the treacherous Austrian commander of the Austro-Hungarian fortress. Bela Lugosi ("Dr. Vitus Werdegast," a psychiatrist) is an Hungarian officer (not a German commander) who was imprisoned in Russia as a result of military and other betrayals, and his Hungarian identity is underlined not only by Lugosi's own origins but by Hungarian conversation and music. Further, Karloff, though a devil-worshipping maniac, is not "paternally incestuous," because the daughter in question is that of Lugosi. Again, Poe wrote of only one collapsing mansion, and it is not located in the South, because it is not located anywhere. Finally, the allegory is clarified if we realize that the politics of the film concerns the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian empire and the charnel house of World War I. This has less to do with left-wing obsessions than with history itself, particularly as seen from the experience of Southeastern Europe. Way off base in their perception of the film, Buhle and Wagner are in no position to interpret it.

Their failure to apprehend or remember Abraham Polonsky's *Force of Evil* (1948) correctly is also astounding, for that remarkable film should have played right into their hands. "[O]ur protagonists are destroyed along with any potentiality of love or redemption. . . . [N]o hope could be found here: It was a noir world indeed." Maybe that should have been true about a radical *noir* that equates business with crime, but it is not true about the film that was released. Not only is there a redemptive ending for the protagonists, but music and imagery are employed to reinforce the point. Buhle and Wagner ignore the positive ending because they have been blinded by their ideological commitment to the film that Polonsky should have made. The rest of us are left with the actual MGM release, and quite a movie it is. Similarly, their haste to allegorize Jules Dassin's *Brute Force* (1947) as a critique of liberal betrayal, and the warden as a caricature of Roosevelt, scants all the Nazi imagery, Wagnerian music, and the torture scene, as well as the doctor's concluding words. Here again, the film cannot be contained by the political agenda in which they have tried to box it.

When Buhle and Wagner are on more familiar ground, as with Zinneman's *High Noon* (1952), we find that the mountain has brought forth a mouse. Everyone knows that Carl Foreman (who was blacklisted soon after the film's success) declared that his script was an attack on McCarthyism. Once again, however, the test is in the effect, not the intention. The American public did not buy into a radical agenda when they responded to the coordinated elements of music and cinematography, brilliant acting in large and small parts, and sustained suspense. Though Foreman and producer Stanley Kramer had their own agenda, what is beheld is individual courage in a situation in which the law is wrong—the killer has been freed. The citation of business considerations, the ambiguity of law and order, and even a visit to church—all touch on matters that are more familiar to Americans than left-wing ideology. Having my own agenda in mind, I once asked a *cinéaste* to identify the single thing that *High Noon* was all about, and he immediately replied, "Gary Cooper's sleeves." He was right, in his way—I had Gary Cooper's trouser legs in mind at the time. At least he did not say, "a critique of capitalist society."

The account of film *noir*, which is the reason I read *Radical Hollywood*, is disappointing. What is new and different about it is an emphasis on the "poetic realism" of the French Popular Front. *La chienne* (1931) becomes *Scarlet Street* (1945), though directed by Fritz Lang, and *Le jour se lève* (1939) becomes Ana-

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tole Litvak's *The Long Night* (1947), a film that was rarely seen until its recent rehabilitation on DVD. Buhle and Wagner have traced the term "film *noir*" further back than the usual attribution to Nino Frank in 1946—to Georges Altman in 1939—and that is a notable contribution. But French poetic realism of the 1930's has conventionally been acknowledged as a source of *noir*, though subordinated to German expressionism of the 1920's and to the best American tradition of pulp fiction. Again, ideology, not eyes and ears, dominates theory, because Buhle and Wagner see *Le jour se lève* as a left-wing allegory of the failure of blue-collar solidarity.

Of course, I do not mean to deny any truths that Buhle and Wagner have iterated about Hollywood, film *noir*, and the radical presence. Nevertheless, I was and am a great deal less than satisfied with a view (not so much of film as of America) that is more than a bit exclusive, and even ostrich-like, in its selective politics. By the time that the 1947 and 1951 hearings are more or less written off as "anti-Semitic," the reader can only be puzzled by the preceding sustained accounts of the disproportionate presence of Jews both in Hollywood and in radical circles. Perhaps in this context, "anti-Semitic" is a euphemism or dysphemism for something else—the substantial Jewish presence in the anti-Stalinist and anti-communist movements of the 1940's and 1950's. Jewish-American institutional and intellectual leaders and others, as viewed from the left, "betrayed" a gnostic view that could not then and cannot now—at least in Buhle's and Wagner's account—be questioned. So much for "anti-Semitic," a term much too serious to be allowed to become merely a substitute for "anticommunist." I must add that it does not play very well as juxtaposed so often with the unqualified use in this tome of the term "redneck." Perhaps Buhle and Wagner could clarify the privileges of their code of ethnic abuse a bit more explicitly for the second edition.

And if they are not exhausted by that task, as well as the daunting one of revising all of their errors about specific films, I think that they should also give attention to other minor matters, such as the Spanish Civil War, World War II, and the Cold War. Specifically, if the Roman Catholic Church in America must be portrayed as favoring Franco, I would recommend just the slightest mention of the hundreds, even thousands, of atrocities committed by communists in Spain against nuns and priests. If the fascist intervention in Spain must be cited, then Soviet as well as international communist intervention should also be discussed and the Soviet betrayals of left-wing comrades made clear. This would lend a touch of what is sometimes called "perspective," not only to the historical sense, but specifically to the context of *Blockade* (1938). "[A] fair estimate of Spanish sentiment versus invading German and Italian fascists" might also have included some sentiments about invading communists from Italy, France, England, and the United States, had that film not been propaganda-scripted by a communist, John Howard Lawson. World War II could be seen as something more or less than the fulfillment of Popular Front dreams, and the Soviet role in starting that war in connivance with Hitler might also rate a mention. Similarly, some responsibility for the Cold War might be affixed to Stalin rather than to Harry Truman. In this regard, the incursion into Iran, the atomic bomb, the civil war in Greece, and the tension involving West Berlin would be worth highlighting, if such an emphasis did not conflict too embarrassingly with the larger agenda.

Radical Hollywood is an ambitious work, not so much as a study in the microhistory of film as an essay in establishing the myth that modern popular culture is based on left-wing obsessions. But it is in the nature of obsessions to destroy those that hold them, as Captain Ahab discovered. The artistic accomplishments of radical Hollywood were a mixed bag at best, and the fatuity of the Hollywood Ten as they defended themselves suggests something about their lacks. This episode has been treated in a balanced manner by Otto Friedrich in *City of Nets* (1986), and there is little enlightenment to be gleaned from Buhle's and Wagner's account, except, perhaps, for the reflection that the witch-hunters were as right as they were wrong. The presence of Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan in those days still roils the spleen of the left-liberals, so that the revisionism of Buhle and Wagner seems more like compulsive repetition than inquiry.

The authors have, to some degree, acknowledged that the Hollywood left was involved in at least two paradoxes: They were working for high-handed capitalists, and they were involved in motion pictures, which have a way of creating their own reality, regardless of the intentions of their collaborative makers. Thus, the radicals went against both the means of production and the nature of the medium. But the authors have not acknowledged that radical Hollywood (like the worldwide left of the 30's and 40's) was also in conflict with serious political theory as well as with manifest reality. The progressive pursuit of the elusive goals of "justice" and "equality" would logically require social engineering on a vast scale, and that itself would entail tyranny and mass murder. But if Stalin was "right" and you cannot make an omelet without breaking any eggs, then why was Hitler not "right" as well? "Idealism" and "humanitarianism" did not justify totalitarianism then anymore than they do now, and revisionism will not justify it, either. The most remarkable thing about the Hollywood Ten is not their victim status or their purported talent but their willful political blindness. A recent British/Spanish production, *One of the Hollywood Ten*, presents Herbert Biberman as a martyr and saint, so the revisionism is widespread. At the time, however, Billy Wilder said of "the unfriendly witnesses" that "Only two of them have talent. The rest are just unfriendly."

That having been said, I also want to declare that a left-wing provenance does not determine the merit of a movie, any more than its opposite does. Film is too dynamic and even too ambiguous to justify ideological blinders. Dramatic force, conflict, projection of emotion, precise images, intonation, and rhythm—these are decisive. In the dark, in dreams, in the pantheon of cinema, removed from all political considerations, John Garfield is forever the stressed hero; Ida Lupino, the tough babe; Dan Duryea, the slumping, sniveling pimp; and Luther Adler, the sensitive, exotic mobster. Edmond O'Brien is still trying, in a sweaty panic, to figure out who murdered him, and Edward G. Robinson sees something in Joan Bennett (I wonder what) that he just does not have at home. Ava Gardner does Burt Lancaster wrong, and so does Yvonne DeCarlo. Glenn Ford hates Rita Hayworth's guts, but that pickpocket, Richard Widmark, has a thing for Jean Peters. Dick Powell is cornered, and Robert Mitchum is making eyes at Jane Greer with his lids at half-mast. James Cagney is racking the slide on a .45, and even Mickey Rooney is packing a rod. In that hermetic space, I do not care about anybody's agenda. I just want to watch those pictures move. c

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Our Country, 'Tis of We . . .

by H.A. Scott Trask

What's So Great About America
by Dinesh D'Souza
Washington: Regnery; 227 pp., $27.95

◆

Dinesh D'Souza is a classic example of the immigrant imperialist. Others are Fouad Ajami (professor of Middle Eastern studies at Johns Hopkins University), Fareed Zakaria (managing editor of *Foreign Affairs* and a contributing editor to *Newsweek*), and Ramesh Ponnuru (a senior editor at *National Review*). These writers, all hailing from the Orient, identify not with historic or regional America but with the American world empire and its increasingly multiethnic/multicultural domestic base. They exult in the United States wielding unchallenged military, economic, and political hegemony in the world. They relish using the first-person pronoun when recommending policy for the U.S. government, because it signifies that, while their fathers may have served tea to British officers in Baghdad or Bombay, *they* are part of the editorial cadre of imperial America. It clearly thrills them to be able to say that "we" should invade Iraq or that the Europeans are jealous of "us" because "we" rule the world now, not "they."

D'Souza has tailored his book to appeal to Americans who may be wondering why Islamic terrorists flew two planes into the World Trade Center. He serves up a big slice of neocon baloney (they attacked us because "America is a subversive idea"), while claiming his book will help steel Americans for the long war against "the militants of the Islamic world" by reminding us of what we are fighting for, which is the "best life that the world has to offer." D'Souza, however, has another objective—quite different, unstated, but clearly far more important—and that is the reconstruction of American identity and nationality. D'Souza's book tells Americans not what they already assume is great about America but what *they should think* is great about America—open borders, racial diversity, and a militarized world empire.

D'Souza's exercise in political narcissism should have been titled *Why America Has Been So Great for Me and for Immigrants Like Me*. Everything he finds "great" about the country is great from the point of view of a Third World immigrant. America is not an impoverished, oppressive, custom-bound country like the one he abandoned: America "is a country where everything works." Still better, America exercises global hegemony, making it a country where he can, at least vicariously, lord it over those former masters—the snobbish, nationalistic, "anti-American" Europeans. Best of all, it is a country where a "person of color" can marry white. (D'Souza informs us, with evident satisfaction, that he is married to a white girl from Louisiana.) As a result, "patriotism comes easily to the immigrant who has chosen to become an American." Besides, "it is simply more fun than living elsewhere."

America is a country where you can "construct" your own identity.

> In most parts of the world your identity and your fate are to a large extent handed to you; in America, you determine them for yourself. In America your destiny is not prescribed; it is constructed. Your life is like a blank sheet of paper and you are the artist.

D'Souza complains that, if he had remained in India, he would have had to marry an East Indian and remain one himself, since "ethnicity in the Old World is involuntary." He cites the injustice of Mario Cuomo's Italian grandfather, who had his Italian identity "imposed" on him, having been born to Italian parents and reared in Italy. But America is different. Here, you can *choose* your "ethnicity." Dinesh has chosen his. He announces that he is now one of "us," and he is not going back.

D'Souza has little feel for the rich and complex American past before 1980, nor does he have any appreciation for, or understanding of, the country that exists outside the confines of an Ivy League college (Dartmouth), the Washington-New York corridor, and the Left Coast. American "greatness" has nothing to do with such eclipsed traditions as economic liberty, constitutional government, noninterventionism, or federalism. (Keep in mind that D'Souza is measuring America not against its more libertarian and disciplined past, nor against cultured Europe, but against the dysfunctional, feverish Third World.) Old-stock Americans, who built this country and fought its wars, figure not at all in his book. D'Souza explicitly denies that Americans who are opposed to mass immigration or who deprecate the demographic revolution that has transformed their country can be patriots. He accuses them of "nativism, which is based on resentment," while patriotism "is based on love." D'Souza instructs us that, to be a patriot, we must love America "for what she is and for what she might become." He claims to be disturbed by the debauchery and vulgarity of American culture, while demurring that the former is not really *that* bad and that the latter is the price we pay for freedom. He has no idea that America was, or even could have been, both more free *and* less depraved half a century ago.

D'Souza has been influenced by Harry Jaffa, the political philosopher who maintains that American history contains an outer and an inner doctrine—one for the masses, the other for the ruling elite. Thus, he argues that the United States in 2002 is the planned outcome of the *secret* designs of the Framers: "The experiment that the founders embarked upon two

RECEIVED WISDOM

"[I]s it not psychological naivete to think that I, now, in middle age, rooted in my language, culture and history, could suddenly do a *volte-face* and see myself as English only by accident, free at every moment to change? If I go elsewhere I take my Englishness with me, as much as I take my attachment to family, language, life and self. I go as a colonial or as an exile, and either sink like the Tibetans or swim like the Jews."

—*from* The Meaning of Conservatism, *by Roger Scruton (St. Augustine's Press)*

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centuries ago has largely succeeded in achieving its goals"—racial egalitarianism and free entry for immigrants of color. America "is now the hope for countless immigrants and a magnet for the world," and New York City is "a glittering symbol of America."

D'Souza makes astonishingly inaccurate and anachronistic assertions about the American past, all of them typical of a follower of Jaffa. The Framers were "not orthodox Christians—but Deists." They "invented" a "new regime" (which turns out to be the current government). They were *secret* abolitionists who introduced camouflaged antislavery principles into the Constitution. D'Souza even substitutes the anachronistic "separation of religion and government" for the hallowed "separation of Church and state"! He also claims that the "founders solved two great problems—the problem of scarcity, and the problem of diversity," thereby revealing his ignorance of economics to be as great as his ignorance of history. (Of course, the Framers never attempted to "solve" either "problem," recognizing the first as a fact of life and rejecting the second as incompatible with republicanism.) And he betrays total ignorance of the two great political achievements of the Founding Fathers—a *written* Constitution and a *federal* republic.

D'Souza's final chapter, curiously titled "America the Beautiful," is simply a paean to the American empire. He exclaims that America "saved the world" on many occasions, that it enjoys "evident moral superiority," that it is "an abstaining superpower" with "no interest in conquering and subjugating the rest of the world." While the United States often "intervenes to overthrow a tyrannical regime or halt massive human rights abuses in another country," "it never stays to rule that country." In Bosnia, "the United States got in and then got out." (Does he really not know that the U.S. military is *still* in Bosnia?) American foreign policy is usually "on the side of the angels." We also learn that "America's goal" today is "to turn fundamentalist Muslims into classical liberals." D'Souza's ridiculous views reveal his Wilsonian naiveté about the world, as well as his ignorance of classical liberalism.

D'Souza's "conservatism" is—naturally—of the "national greatness," "big government" variety. He does have certain credentials: domestic-policy analyst in the Reagan White House (1987-88); fellow at the American Enterprise Institute and now at the Hoover Institution. Yet there is nothing in his thought that is derived from, or even slightly consistent with, the thought of the fathers of Anglo-American and Continental conservatism—Edmund Burke and Joseph de Maistre. What would Russell Kirk have thought of D'Souza's claim that "America is a subversive idea; indeed it represents a new way to be human"? He would likely have considered it an example of Rousseau's "idyllic imagination," which he contrasted unfavorably with Burke's "moral imagination." (D'Souza, by the way, thinks rather highly of Rousseau. He also believes in "progress," "ideology" over "nationality," "the pursuit of happiness" as the highest end of life, and the United Nations' Universal Declaration of Human Rights.)

Like most neocons, D'Souza is obsessed with affirming not only America's diversity but its unity. Though he assures his readers that "Americans remain a united people with shared values," his evidence for this statement is far from compelling—a marketing survey, a vague anecdote, and the national reaction to September 11, a catastrophe he hopes to exploit in the interest of further revolutionizing the country of "our" fathers and European ancestors.

H.A. Scott Trask, who has a Ph.D. in American history, is finishing a political study of antebellum political economist Condy Raguet of Philadelphia and is writing a book on the Northern antiwar movement during the War Between the States.

Homage to Montenegro

by Alex N. Dragnich

Montenegro: The Divided Land
by Thomas Fleming
Rockford, IL: Chronicles Press;
172 pp., $15.00

◆

Not until I was well into this book did I realize how much it is needed. The son of illiterate Serbian immigrants from Montenegro, I knew almost no early Montenegrin history. Some of that history is noble, some confused, and some characterized by treachery and double-dealing. There were plots and counterplots. Agreements were always of short duration, and reliability and trust were rare. Significantly,

> there were no ancient peoples whose territory corresponded to modern Albania or Serbia, much less to Montenegro . . . it was only when Serbs from different regions were able to unite in opposition to Byzantium, under the Nemanjic dynasty, that they were able to create a successful Serbian state.

Thomas Fleming describes the rise of Zeta as a prelude to "The Serbian Golden Age"—when the Serbian state, for over 100 years, was the strongest empire in the Balkans. The period saw the building of the finest of the Serbian monasteries and the creation of Tsar Dusan's legal code, one of two of Europe's historic codes. Before his death in 1355, Dusan was on the verge of conquering what was left of the Byzantine Empire. But following his death came division and decline and, in 1389, the defeat by the Ottoman Turks at the Battle of Kosovo. In the centuries after Kosovo in all Serbian lands, and especially in Montenegro,

> the national myth was nourished on the tales and songs of the Kosovo heroes. . . . throughout the cold dark years of misery and oppression, [the Montenegrins] warmed themselves by the fire lit in the Serbian imagination by the Kosovo story.

The chapter entitled "The Struggle for Liberation" is packed with facts, detailing Montenegro's confrontations with Turkey, Venice, and other powers, to say nothing of domestic quarrels. What saved Montenegro from the internal disunity that afflicted Bosnia and Serbia was the institution of the *vladika* (bishop-prince), which gained Montenegro's *de facto* independence 168 years before its formal international recognition at the Congress of Berlin. An interesting side issue was that of Scepan Mali, an impostor, who nevertheless managed what other rulers had not: He united the people and taught them respect for law and order, which helped them in the coming struggle with the invaders.

An equally important chapter, "The

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Road to Statehood," highlights the critical contributions of Bishop Petar II Njegos, particularly his devotion to the Serbs, which found its highest expression in his literary masterpiece, *Gorski vijenac* (*The Mountain Wreath*). Njegos also sought to improve the economy, and he built schools and roads. His contributions should not minimize the work of his predecessors or that of his nephew, Prince Danilo Petrovic, who ruled briefly after Njegos died in October 1851.

"The Long Reign of Montenegro's Only King" describes the rule of Prince Nikola, who proclaimed himself king in 1910, on the 50th anniversary of his reign. The most dramatic events of his tenure were the Balkan wars and World War I. Although Montenegro's independence was widely recognized, there were many dangers that accompanied it—in particular, Austria-Hungary's sowing of discord between the Montenegrin capital of Cetinje and Belgrade. Russia was of little help. Nikola's rule was autocratic. (He considered it "benevolent despotism.") In the Balkan wars, he "displayed both the courage and the pan-Serbian patriotism that were the best justification of his authoritarian regime." In World War I, Montenegro was quickly occupied by Austria, which marked the end of the country's independence, and the First Yugoslavia was formed in 1918. The Large Montenegrin Skupstina in November 1918 voted overwhelmingly to join Serbia in the new state.

The last two chapters (some 50 pages) deal with Montenegro in the First and the Second (and Third) Yugoslavia. In the First Yugoslavia, Montenegrins favored the common state, but many felt that Belgrade devoted too little time to Montenegrin difficulties. The Yugoslav rulers had little choice but to concentrate on the problems of Croatia, whose demands escalated.

The First Yugoslavia dovetailed with the Second Yugoslavia by virtue of the Communist victory in the civil war, often described as the conflict between the Chetniks (loyal to the Yugoslav government-in-exile) and the Communist-led Partisans. As Fleming points out, the civil war was nowhere more brutal than in Montenegro, and the Communists killed about 100,000 people in Yugoslavia after the war. The Communists made Montenegro a separate republic under Tito's "federation," patterned after the fictitious "federalism" of the Soviet Union. The creation of a separate republic, designed mainly to weaken Serb power and influence, meant that Montenegrins were badly divided during the whole communist period. Even after the break with the Soviet Union in 1948, Montenegrins made up 20 percent of those arrested as "Cominformists," although Montenegrins constituted only 2.5 percent of the Yugoslav population.

As we know, the Titoist framework was a failure. Fleming maintains that Tito's principal lieutenants did not display "the slightest talent for rebuilding a nation, managing an economy, or writing a constitution." In the 1990's, Fleming asserts, certain American leaders "plotted the dismemberment of a country and the destruction of a people." Finally, he devotes some space to the future of Serbia and Montenegro in the years following the overthrow of Slobodan Milosevic.

Anyone interested in Montenegro and Serbia, as well as in the Balkans generally, should welcome Fleming's brief but excellent book.

Alex Dragnich is professor emeritus of political science at Vanderbilt University and author of Serbs and Croats.

A Hero's Dreams

by Myles Kantor

José Martí: Selected Writings
edited by Esther Allen
New York: Penguin Classics;
462 pp., $15.00

◆

José Martí is an icon in communist Cuba. Visitors disembark at José Martí International Airport in Havana, where the Plaza de la Revolución contains a prominent statue of Martí. In 2000, Fidel Castro had a José Martí Anti-Imperialist Tribunal built in front of the U.S. Interests Section. Not surprisingly, Castro and his functionaries assert harmony between their totalitarianism and Martí's thought.

Born in 1853, Martí precociously opposed Spain's occupation of Cuba. He founded an anti-imperialist newspaper, *La Patria Libre*, at 16 and was arrested for treason in 1869. After he was condemned to six years' hard labor, Spain commuted his sentence and deported him in 1871. In his new residence (Spain), Martí wrote an account of his trauma and an indictment of the hegemon that inflicted it. The blend of reportage and rumination in *Political Prison in Cuba* became standard in Martí's writings. At one point, he describes the sufferings of a 12-year old prisoner ravaged by smallpox and efforts to resuscitate cholera victims; later, he observes that "No idea can ever justify an orgy of blood." (It is difficult to read *Political Prison in Cuba* without thinking of counterparts in modern Cuba: Ana Rodriguez's *Diary of a Survivor*, Jorge Valls' *Twenty Years and Forty Days*, and too many more.)

"Life wants permanent roots," Martí wrote in 1880. Deracination was his reward for abhorring tyranny. Martí moved to Mexico in 1875 and fled after Porfirio Díaz's ascendancy in 1876; taught in Guatemala and fled in 1878 after the repressive Justo Rufino Barrios dismissed a colleague; returned to Cuba and was deported in 1879 for anti-imperial activities; and spent less than a year in Venezuela owing to another *caudillo*, Antonio Guzmán Blanco. In America, Martí found a place where "One can breathe freely" and "every one looks like his own master." He settled in New York in 1881 and remained in America until 1895.

Martí immersed himself in America and wrote copiously about "this mighty republic." He did not withhold praise from what struck him as beautiful, like Emerson's "palace of truths" and Whitman's "disjointed, lacerating, fragmented, drifting words." Neither did Martí withhold denunciation when he saw vileness—for instance, in the lynching of 11 Italians by a New Orleans mob in March 1891. Here is how he described the murder of one of the victims:

> They throw a noose of fresh rope around his cold, dead neck and leave him hanging from the branch of a tree. Then they saw off the other branches: the women wear the leaves in their hats as an emblem, the men in their buttonholes. One of them takes out his watch: "Forty-eight minutes: we worked fast." From the rooftops and balconies people are watching through opera glasses.

Serene events also intrigued Martí. "Never has there been a more beautiful thing," he wrote of a Confederate com-

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memoration in 1886, noting how Jefferson Davis addressed the audience "with rage and occasional outbursts of savage beauty . . . and with sudden exclamations of invincible hatred, like a toothless and enfeebled mastiff who bares his gums at his enemy." (As a senator, Davis advocated the acquisition of Cuba and visited Havana before and after the War Between the States.)

Martí remained preoccupied with Cuba during his American years, serving as interim president of the New York-based Cuban Revolutionary Committee and cofounder of the Cuban Revolutionary Party in Key West in 1892. When Martí perceived ambitions of *caudillismo* in fellow revolutionary General Máximo Gómez, he broke with him in 1884. Martí made clear in a letter to Gómez his

> determination not to contribute by one iota, out of blind love for the idea that is consuming my life, to bringing a regime of personal despotism to my land, a regime that would be even more shameful and calamitous than the political despotism it now endures, and more serious and difficult to eradicate, because it would be excused by certain virtues, and established upon an idea which it embodied, and legitimized by triumph.

And so Martí prefigures Cuba since 1959; *Fidelismo* has been the sanguinary fulfillment of his worst apprehensions. In duration and severity, Castro dwarfs the *caudillos* Martí fled. Castro, of course, claims to act in defense of national independence, the Sovietization he inflicted upon Cuba notwithstanding.

Martí was a crusader after perils. He wrote his mother at 16 that imprisonment "has given me plenty of lessons for my life, which I foresee will be very short"; in 1895, he wrote to her of "my growing and necessary agony" and "a life that loves sacrifice." Martí returned to Cuba that year to participate in the war for independence he had organized. On May 19, in the eastern province of Oriente, he fatally rode into Spanish troops. Martí had been in Cuba a little over a month.

Frederick Douglass observed in 1862 that "Men have strange notions nowadays as to the manner of showing their respect for the heroes of the past." Cuba's present master class shares such strange notions. On one side, there is the man who advocated republicanism and the rights of man; on the other, an autocrat of 43 years who systematically violates those rights. Fidel Castro has said that José Martí is the "intellectual author" of his regime. No; but he will be the intellectual author of Cuba's emancipation from Castro.

Myles Kantor is the editor of FreeEmigration.com *and a columnist for* Front Page Magazine.

Eat, Drink, and Be Merry

by Jeremy Lott

Nicotine Theological Journal
edited by John R. Muether and D.G. Hart
Oviedo, FL: Press; 8 pp., $3.00 per issue, $7.00 for an annual subscription

The inaugural editorial of the *Nicotine Theological Journal* (January 1997) took a few fun swipes at teetotalers and scolds (including Al Gore), who admittedly, in the words of Garrison Keillor, "live longer, but they live dumber." "The sun," the editors quoted C.S. Lewis as saying, "looks down on nothing half so good as a household laughing together over a meal, or two friends talking over a pint of beer, or a man alone reading a book that interests him." They appropriated this sentiment as "Reformed wisdom" about the "simplicity and depth of creature comforts" (Hear, hear!) and announced that they would consider joining the likes of the Christian Coalition only *after* that body began proposing laws to protect such comforts.

Alas, coeditors John R. Muether and D.G. Hart—librarians at the Reformed Theological and Westminster Theological seminaries, respectively—also cautioned that their eight-page quarterly "is not a Reformed version of *Cigar Aficionado*." They would not devote pages to "cultivating yuppie trappings," though each and every issue does feature a brief "Second Hand Smoke" reflection on the "virtues and delights" of consuming tobacco and alcohol, reprinted from such authors as John Updike and Michael Kelly.

Rather, the NTJ promised to be a theological journal in a very unusual sense. Sponsored by the Old Life Theological Society, it would concern itself not so much with exegetical and theological minutiae but with "the God ordained means of grace as well as the habits and sensibilities that articulate, cultivate and reinforce orthodoxy." This was to be primarily a journal of theology as it works itself out in the everyday lives of old-school Reformed Christians ("old lifers"), from the liturgical calendar to the relatively

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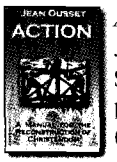

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harsh interpretations of the Second and Fourth Commandments (in the Reformed numbering, on idolatry and the Sabbath) to their more robust views on Christian liberty in other matters (hence the title).

Six years later, the NTJ can be judged only a partial success in adhering to its mandate, though non-Reformed readers will think it more worthwhile for the deviations. Hart and Muether have indeed published dozens of articles by themselves and by a small roster of contributors on such topics as whether or not worship should consist exclusively of Psalms (yes), what it means to keep the Sabbath (don't work; go to church), and whether or not the phrase "God bless America" constitutes taking the Lord's Name in vain (an uncharacteristic maybe). And these articles on Reformed practice do not go uncommented upon by outsiders. A recent NTJ cover essay pleading Christian liberty in defense of the "humble condom," for instance, got Fr. Richard John Neuhaus's knickers in a twist. "You know I like *Nicotine Theological Journal*" he wrote in his column in the back of *First Things* in February, but he judged this "little article" to be "unpleasant and just plain dumb." He also accused it of taking a "cheap shot" at the sexual aspect of Catholic moral tradition by pointing out that it has been developed mostly by celibates. (The authors, Zach and Derry Kausashian, related that St. Thomas Aquinas argued masturbation was a sin only slightly less grave than murder but worse than rape, because "masturbation prohibits the possibility of sexual activity from reaching its end.")

But the real fun comes when these Reformed, being Reformed, depart from their mandate and begin to pick at the broader Christian world. Vigorous opponents of ecumenism, they have mocked such efforts with great aplomb ("Presbyterians and Quakers Together"), taken swipes at such magazines as *Books & Culture* ("annoying") and *Touchstone* ("muddled"), and even touched off a few shots at Pope John Paul II (represents a "kinder gentler" Roman Catholicism; gave "the papacy a happy face"). Most of this dissension is carried off with an admirable touch of pith and vinegar, so that even those who regularly disagree with the authors' assessments—and, as an ecumenical Baptist contributor to *Books & Culture* and *Touchstone*, I would usually include myself in that category—can appreciate their contrarian cussedness, even if it occasionally leaves us hot under the collar.

This little magazine can also have its almost sweet moments. In an editorial in 1998, the editors of NTJ confessed that being traditional Presbyterians sets them at odds with their cultural surroundings—secular and religious—to an astounding degree. Hart, Muether, and the rest of the crew resist the various calls to ecumenism, since what they see "underneath these expressions of Christian faith" is "the Enlightenment's hostility to tradition, history, and particularity." "We feel like the ethnic Americans who are being forced to assimilate to the demands of a melting-pot Christianity. If we retain our distinctive ways, we will be [seen as] un-American or, worse, Amish."

After reading a few issues, I doubt whether anyone would make *that* mistake.

(Single issues of the *Nicotine Theological Journal* can be purchased for three dollars, cash or check. Subscriptions are seven dollars for one year, sent to 1167 Kerwood Circle, Oviedo, FL 32765.)

Jeremy Lott is the 2002 Burton C. Gray Memorial Intern for Reason *magazine.*

WILL FUTURE GENERATIONS READ *Chronicles?*

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by Samuel Francis

Hate, Inc.

No sooner had victory in Afghanistan by the forces of Truth, Beauty, and Global Democracy been announced and the still uncaptured and undeceased Osama bin Laden declared by President Bush to be "unimportant" (no doubt the reason the administration put a $25-million reward on his head last fall) than the top-ranking officials of the U.S. government informed the nation that terrorist attacks within the United States were a virtual certainty. On May 19, Vice President Cheney told *Meet the Press*, "The prospects of a future attack on the United States are almost certain. Not a matter of if, but when." The very next day, FBI Director Robert Mueller told a gathering of district attorneys in Washington that suicide bombings and other terrorist attacks inside the United States were "inevitable," that "there will be another terrorist attack," and "we will not be able to stop it." And the day after that, Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld told a Senate committee that terrorists will "inevitably" gain control of "weapons of mass destruction" and will not hesitate to use them against us. For all the administration's chest-thumping about the glory of driving the mad mullahs of the Taliban from the field of battle, it might seem that a certain degree of skepticism about the scope and meaning of our "victory" is in order.

The officials who pronounced their solemn warnings were probably correct, and, certainly, for a nation that has insanely allowed some 30 million aliens from the most backward portions of the globe to settle here in the course of the last three decades, terrorist attacks are the least that we should expect. In a study released in May, the Center for Immigration Studies in Washington found that no fewer than 48 foreign-born radical Muslims have been implicated in terrorism in this country since 1993 and that they

> have manipulated almost every possible means of admission to the United States: Some have indeed come as students, tourists, and business travelers; others, however, have been Lawful Permanent Residents and naturalized U.S. citizens; while yet others have snuck across the border, arrived as stowaways on ships, used false passports, been granted amnesty, or been applicants for asylum.

A week or so later, *U.S. News and World Report* detailed the profiles of "more than three dozen American jihadists, many of them previously unknown" and many of whom "are U.S. citizens, native born or naturalized," though "a fair number are African-Americans, who make up nearly one-third of the nation's Muslims."

The arrest of native-born American Jose Padilla, now known as "Abdullah al Muhajir," on charges of plotting with Al Qaeda to deploy a nuclear bomb in the United States, points to the same phenomenon, as does the estimate of terrorism expert Peter J. Brown, who says there may be as many as "1,500 to 2,000 American passport-carrying recruits who have shown up in the ranks of al Qaeda in the past decade." President Bush was right: Osama bin Laden is not particularly important, and neither is Afghanistan. What's important, and a threat to the nation, are the alien hordes that the Open Borders lobby has insisted on importing into this country through the immigration policy it has succeeded in dictating against the wishes of most Americans.

Rather belatedly, then, the administration last spring began taking steps to deal with what is now rather fetchingly known as "homeland security": not only the creation of yet another behemoth government agency at the Cabinet level, larger than any other department save the Pentagon, with a budget of $37 billion, 170,000 employees, and combining 22 existing federal agencies, but also the long-sought "unleashing" of the FBI a week or so before by the abolition of the attorney general's guidelines for domestic security and terrorism investigations. Given the magnitude of the threat as estimated by administration officials and the internal location of the threat as indicated by the figures provided, the government buildup and crackdown might seem entirely justified. In fact, however, it will do little to deal with the real and existing internal security threat but much to endanger what remains of American political freedom and dissent, especially from the ideological right.

The creation of the so-called Department of Homeland Security ought to speak for itself, and indeed, congressional criticism of the proposed department concentrated on the claim that it didn't go far enough, that it had no intelligence-gathering powers of its own, and that both the FBI and the CIA should be absorbed within it. Doing so would complete the evolution of what could only be called an "American Gestapo," an agency that would, in fact, dwarf the secret police of the German National Socialist government and approach being able to swallow the rest of the federal government itself. There is no reason whatsoever to believe that creating such an agency would improve federal counter-terrorist policies or reduce the threat of terrorism, internal or external, in any way.

It is the abolition of the attorney general's guidelines for FBI investigations, however, that are of more interest than yet another sequel to the never-ending epic of the governmental Frankenstein. Imposed in 1976 by Gerald Ford's attorney general, Edward Levi, the guidelines were intended to curb the supposed "excesses" of the Bureau of that and earlier eras (when it actually carried out essential functions of national security by spying on communists and other enemies, harassing subversives, and surveilling such known security risks as Martin Luther King, Jr.). Some of the Bureau's domestic security activities, such as J. Edgar Hoover's personal animosity toward the Ku Klux Klan and other opponents of the "civil-rights movement," did indeed go too far, and in one case an FBI undercover agent seems to have instigated the actual murder of a "civil-rights worker"; but Hoover himself annually and publicly re-

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ported the general nature of his agency's activities to Congress, and there was a wide if somewhat vague national consensus about what he and his G-men were supposed to be doing. It was only the political triumph of the left in the wake of Watergate and the post-Vietnam era (and the flaccidity of the Republican right under such weaklings as Gerald Ford) that allowed restrictions on the Bureau (and the CIA) to be imposed at all.

The Levi guidelines effectively made it impossible for the FBI to investigate what was, in that era, the very real terrorism of the far left. The guidelines imposed what is known as a "criminal standard," under which the Bureau could not open an investigation of a group unless it knew the group was involved in or planning criminal activity. A mere rhetoric of violence, simply calling for violent overthrow of the government, assassination of public officials, or bombing public buildings, wasn't enough to justify an FBI investigation.

Of course, if the FBI knew that the members of a group actually were planning or involved in crimes, it had no reason to *investigate* at all; it then had reason to *arrest* them. Moreover, the guidelines contained a catch-22: You couldn't investigate a group unless you knew there was criminal conduct. But you couldn't know there was criminal conduct unless you investigated. Under those guidelines, the FBI really couldn't do much at all to keep nutty groups that may have had links with terrorists or hostile foreign powers under surveillance. As a result, the FBI dropped its investigation of the Weather Underground Organization in 1979; two years later, when remnants of the Weathermen were committing a series of armored-car robberies and murders, the FBI didn't have a clue—literally. Only when a police roadblock after a robbery and brutal murder on Long Island in 1981 nabbed several Weathermen (and Weatherwomen, including the long-missing Kathy Boudin) did it become clear that real terrorism—not just ordinary robberies—was involved.

In that era, then, there was good reason to get rid of the guidelines, although any attempt to do so was immediately greeted with denunciations from the left (and not a few from the libertarian "right") of "fascism" and "McCarthyism." Today, however, the situation is rather different.

Today the violent, disloyal, and revolutionary left, in league with hostile foreign powers, seems to be either defunct or dying (although there are scads of Weathermen who simply vanished and have never been found, and several million dollars from the 1981 armored-car robberies has never been located), and they don't pose much of a physical danger. Why blow up the government when you essentially control it? Today, the great enemy, the great target for any renewed campaign of domestic security, is what is called "Hate."

"Hate," of course, does not necessarily mean real hatred but what the leftists who have acquired cultural hegemony in recent decades like to call "hate." Mostly, what they are talking about is merely political dissidence on the right that includes not only real "hate groups" that carry out violence against minorities (very few, if any, to my knowledge; almost all the violent incidents associated with "the right" in the last 20 years or so have been committed by individuals rather than actual groups or organizations) but groups that simply take what these days are considered to be unfashionable or "ultra-conservative" positions: opposition to immigration, support for the Confederate flag, opposition to abortion and homosexuality, support for the Second Amendment and resistance to gun control, *etc.* While the "mainstream" or "neoconservative" "right" generally avoids these issues or is actually on the other side of some of them, support for them has fallen into the hands of largely grassroots groups that, by definition, lie outside the mainstream created by the dominant left-right political establishment.

One of the major tactics of the political left in recent years has been to destroy this grassroots opposition to some of its most cherished goals by demonizing it as "hate" and "linking" it to groups that actually do advocate or, at least, play with violence. In fact, very little connection exists, and most groups in the grassroots right avoid advocates of violence like anthrax. Nevertheless, there is an entire industry of "hate hunters" like the Southern Poverty Law Center of Morris Dees, the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, and similar groups that specialize in raising vast sums of money by claiming that "hate groups" are about to unleash violence against the government, Jews, liberals, ethnic groups, abortionists, homosexuals, etc. Their "research" is usually transparently biased if not factually worthless, and their own political orientation is obvious. A few years ago, I heard a lecture by Mark Potok, publications director of the Southern Poverty Law Center, in which he alleged that religious-right leaders Pat Robertson and Gary Bauer had "provided the moral atmosphere" for the murder of homosexual Matthew Shepard in Wyoming—a claim that is as preposterous as it is ideologically driven. As investigator Laird Wilcox (who has researched the so-called "watchdog" groups extensively) has written,

> Activists with a hidden radical agenda find antiracist organizations very amenable to manipulation. . . . In rational terms, class struggle Marxism-Leninism is a hard sell. However, when it is reframed as anti-racism and anti-fascism, much of the onus is gone.

Professional hate-hunters such as Mr. Potok and his ilk influence federal, state, and local law-enforcement agencies. Their "experts" often testify in trials and provide seminars for law-enforcement and intelligence agencies on the "real threats" to national security, and the cops and bureaucrats whom they brief often don't know any better. Faced with demands from the public and their superiors to "stop terrorism" and get information on groups and individuals too obscure for most media to cover, they eagerly gobble up the propaganda masked as "research" or "intelligence" that the hate industry feeds them. In 1999, the industry helped to produce a report for the FBI itself warning of massive right-wing violence on the eve of the turn of the millennium. There was, of course, no such violence. The same sources were largely responsible for the similar black-church arson hoax of 1996—there were few such acts of arson that were racially motivated.

There is, of course, a need for the federal government to investigate real domestic-security threats, and the thousands of aliens who represent such a threat should be and probably are at the top of the Bureau's list these days. But there will come a day when the new masters of the federal leviathan will steer its attention toward other groups that represent no threat to the nation at all and whose only offense is their perfectly legal support for perfectly legal causes that just happen to jeopardize the total power for which the left has long reached and which it now—thanks to mass immigration and the Bush administration—nearly has within its grasp.

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by Scott P. Richert

The Bells of St. Mary's

P. Introibo ad altare Dei.
R. Ad Deum qui laetificat juventutem meam.

From the outside, St. Mary's Oratory in Rockford resembles scores of other Catholic churches built in the Midwest in the late 19th century, with its red-brick exterior, steep roof, stained-glass windows, and a bell tower that reaches for the sky. When you first walk through the front or side door into the modern entryway, you would have every reason to assume that the sanctuary will also look like those found in far too many of St. Mary's sister churches today—blond wood pews, no altar rail, high altar replaced by a wooden table, abstract stained glass where old masterpieces used to be, statues (if, indeed, there are any) hidden away behind banners decorated with modern translations of Bible verses in felt lettering, confessionals abandoned in favor of a "reconciliation room," tabernacle tucked neatly into a corner chapel that can only be accessed by leaving the sanctuary.

Yes, the blond wood pews are there, put in place after a fire in the 1970's destroyed the original high-backed pews that matched the carved and gilded Communion rail. Everything else, however, is right where you would not expect it these days, including the altar rail and the high altar. Despite signs of water and smoke damage that show through the paint, St. Mary's sanctuary would still be familiar to any of her earliest parishioners—and so would the liturgy celebrated therein.

Erected in 1885, St. Mary's was the second Catholic church built in Rockford and the first on the west side of the Rock River. Formerly surrounded by parks and residences, today the church shares its block with a drug-treatment center and the Winnebago County Courthouse. Because of residential flight from downtown, by the mid-1990's, St. Mary's could no longer sustain itself as a parish. Bishop Thomas Doran, wanting to keep the church open, designated St. Mary's a shrine in 1997 and entrusted its care to the Institute of Christ the King, Sovereign Priest, whom Bishop Doran had invited to the diocese in 1996 to minister to a community of Catholics devoted to the celebration of the pre-Vatican II Roman Rite in Latin, popularly known as the Tridentine Mass.

In October 1984, Pope John Paul II granted permission for every bishop to allow the celebration of the Tridentine Mass in his own diocese. Since then, the number of Tridentine Masses has grown steadily, and today, 115 American dioceses offer at least one, according to the website of the Coalition in Support of *Ecclesia Dei*, an organization devoted to the promulgation of the old Mass (*www.ecclesiadei.org*). (In *Ecclesia Dei*, an apostolic letter issued in July 1988, the Pope urged his brother bishops to provide a "wide and generous application" of his permission.) St. Mary's Oratory, however, is unique in both the scope of its celebration (its rector, Fr. Brian A.T. Bovee, offers the Tridentine Mass every Sunday and twice on weekdays) and its exclusivity (most churches that offer the old Mass also celebrate the *Novus Ordo* that arose out of Vatican II). Any Catholic who works in downtown Rockford and wishes to attend Mass at noon has only one option—the Tridentine Mass at St. Mary's.

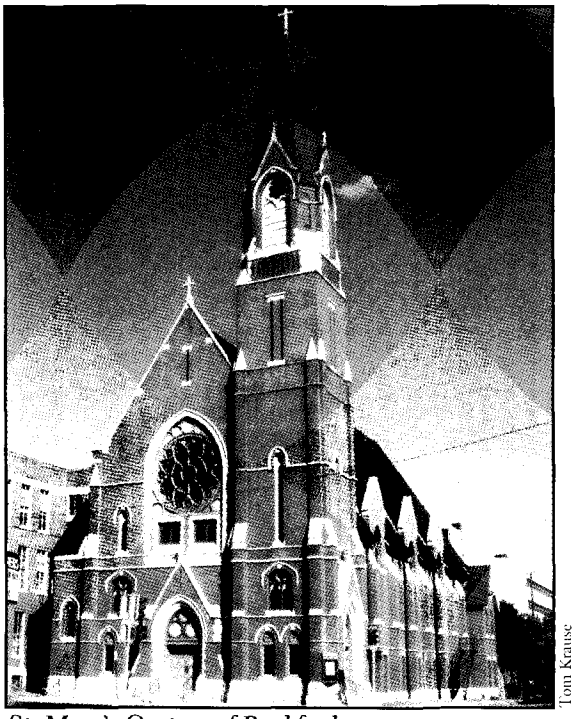
Confiteor Deo omnipotenti . . .

While Bishop Doran, of course, deserves the ultimate credit for reviving the Tridentine Mass in Rockford, the initial impetus came from the Latin Mass Community of Rockford, a group of dedicated laymen, some of whom had been attending a non-approved Tridentine Mass in Rockford. Through the efforts of (among others) Joe and Peg Fallon, Mark and Eileen Chambers, Bruce and Ruth Howell and their daughter Mary, and The Rockford Institute's own Christopher Check, the Latin Mass Community raised several hundred signatures petitioning Bishop Doran to restore the old Roman Rite. In early 1996, members of the community celebrated their first

Mass in the chapel of the Corpus Christi Monastery of the Poor Clares in southwest Rockford. Today, five years after Bishop Doran entrusted St. Mary's to the Institute of Christ the King, average attendance at Sunday Mass has grown from 125 to 390.

Gloria in excelsis Deo. Et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis. . . .

Most of the community's growth can be attributed to the dedication of the Institute of Christ the King, Sovereign Priest, and particularly of the seemingly indefatigable Father Bovee. Canonically erected in 1990, the Institute, founded by Msgr. Gilles Wach, is dedicated to "the glory of God and the sanctification of priests in the service of the Church and souls through doctrinal and spiritual for-



Tom Krause

St. Mary's Oratory of Rockford.

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Tom Krause

Bishop Doran celebrates the Sacrament of Confirmation.

mation." The Institute currently has about 60 seminarians and 35 priests, all of whom celebrate the Tridentine Mass exclusively. Its three apostolates in the United States, ably guided by prior and superior Msgr. Michael R. Schmitz, are all in the Upper Midwest, and its U.S. headquarters is in Wausau, Wisconsin.

While a certain tension too often exists between traditionalist communities and the rest of the Church, the Institute adheres to its motto, *Veritatem facientes in caritate* ("Furthering truth through charity"). Many Catholics who belong to other parishes in Rockford occasionally attend Mass at St. Mary's, where they are welcomed by a Latin Mass Community that sees itself as an integral part of the universal Church.

V. Sursum corda.
R. Habemus ad Dominum.

That community has grown greatly over the past six years, and not simply by attracting new congregants, some of whom travel an hour and a half each way to attend Mass at St. Mary's. New visitors often expect a largely older congregation, but the bulk of the Latin Mass Community is well under 50, and the birthrate among its members is phenomenal: The Harringtons and Schroepfers have eight children each; the Vermetts and Pribbles, seven; and the Klaskes are currently expecting number seven. The number of families with four, five, or six children is too great to count.

The birthrate reflects an optimism about life that is somewhat at odds with the popular image of the Tridentine Mass as a relic of a bygone age. That optimism is reflected in the other activities of the Latin Mass Community, including an annual conference featuring such traditionalist luminaries as Michael Davies, the president of Una Voce International, and Fr. James McLucas, editor of *Latin Mass* magazine. An award honoring laymen who have contributed to the revival of the Tridentine Mass has been given to, among others, Davies, Mary Kraychy of Coalition Ecclesia Dei of Illinois, and Alice von Hildebrand, the widow of renowned Catholic philosopher Dietrich von Hildebrand.

Tom Krause

Bishop Thomas Doran of Rockford.

Many of the families at St. Mary's homeschool their children, and the community has inspired two independent Catholic schools, both dedicated to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart—one for younger children, founded by Mark and Eileen Chambers and Lou and Clare Bageanis, and one for junior- and senior-high students, founded by Michael Brunner, who is the primary teacher.

The optimism of St. Mary's congregation is bolstered by the beautiful music it hears each week, courtesy of a superb choir of laymen led by organist Mark Dahlgren, a former wannabe rock star and convicted tree-hugger who, at great personal expense, arranged for the upgrading of the church's organ.

. . . una cum famulo tuo Papa nostro Ioanne Paulo, et Antistite nostro Thoma, et omnibus orthodoxis, atque catholicae et apostolicae fidei cultoribus. . . .

St. Mary's, the Latin Mass Community, and, perhaps, the Institute of Christ the King itself have had no greater supporter than Bishop Thomas Doran. While another bishop might have cut costs by closing St. Mary's, Bishop Doran put his faith in the dedication of the Latin Mass Community and the Institute. On several occasions, he has celebrated Mass at St. Mary's and, most recently, he administered the Sacrament of Confirmation in perfect Latin at a stunningly beautiful liturgy this past May. He has consistently pledged his support for the Institute's apostolate and has participated in the ordination of new priests at the Institute's seminary in Gricigliano, near Florence, Italy. And the members of the Latin Mass Community have returned his devotion, showering Bishop Doran with letters of appreciation and supporting him when he was recently attacked by the local newspaper.

Bishop Doran's announcement, on the Feast of the Assumption of Mary (August 15), of his elevation of the status of St. Mary's from that of a shrine to that of oratory "makes [all of] the sacraments available to those who assemble there as a Latin Rite Faith Community," as the diocesan newspaper, the *Observer*, reported on August 16. With its new status, St. Mary's has become even more integrated into the life of the Rockford diocese, which should aid the Latin Mass Community as it continues its labor of love to make St. Mary's a shining gem of traditional Catholicism and to restore the church to the grandeur that it enjoyed when it first opened almost 120 years ago.

Et Verbum caro factum est, et habitavit in nobis: et vidimus gloriam ejus, gloriam quasi unigeniti a Patre, plenum gratiae et veritatis.
R. Deo gratias.

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Letter From Italy

by Alberto Carosa

Tax Breaks for Terror?

◆

On June 23, the Italian daily *Corriere della Sera* reported that Italian police had smashed a Milan-based Islamic terrorist cell that was planning an attack on the Basilica of San Petronio. This church, the most important in Bologna, is dedicated to its patron saint, and it contains a fresco showing Muhammad being tortured by demons in hell. *Corriere della Sera* said police uncovered the plot after intercepting the phone conversations of a group of Moroccans and Tunisians, some of whom are believed to be members of Algeria's extremist Salafist Group of Preaching and Combat, led by Hassan Hattab. The cell was reportedly in contact with a Libyan terrorist known as Amsa, allegedly a leading member of Osama bin Laden's Al Qaeda terror network and active in Afghanistan, Iran, and Europe. Amsa was arrested this summer in London. The paper reported that Amsa's job had been to "make contact with various terror cells in Europe in order to organize terror attacks." The group in Milan had links to similar cells in Bologna, Rome, Naples, and Vercelli, and Italian investigators had uncovered its plans to coordinate an attack on the church in Bologna in February.

The fresco, painted in 1415 by Giovanni da Modena, has long been criticized by Muslims in Italy. There have been campaigns for its removal or destruction, including letters to Pope John Paul II and Giacomo Cardinal Biffi, archbishop of Bologna, calling the painting "barbarous." Yet Islamic leaders were skeptical about the terrorist plot. The Union of Italian Muslims said the press report was "not very convincing" and "could be an attempt to discredit Muslims who live in this country, to convince public opinion that they are violent people and terrorists." They added that "obviously, we consider the work an insult to our religion and people, but that doesn't mean we would contemplate or plan an act of vandalism or, worse, terrorism." The Union argued that the fresco should be removed, but it stressed that Muslims would also be satisfied with a decision to cover up the name of Muhammad, written beneath the figure in hell.

Prosecutors and antiterrorist police in Bologna, probably in a bid to soothe fears, said that they knew nothing about this alleged plan by Al Qaeda-linked terrorists. The then-interior minister Claudio Scajola also sought to allay public alarm: "There is too much talk about these arguments, perhaps stemming from the hunt for news," he said. But dismay ran high again the following day, June 25, when Italian Defense Minister Antonio Martino said that a major attack by Islamic terrorists is certain to take place somewhere in the West—perhaps in Italy itself. "We do not know where this attack will take place nor how it will take place, and thus it is very difficult to say that we can guarantee the security of our citizens," he stated. The opposition branded the minister's words "irresponsible," "alarmist," and "shocking," and Prime Minister Silvio Berlusconi, speaking from Canada where he was participating in the G8 summit, played down Martino's statement as "over-emphasized."

Against this background, it is no wonder that the Northern League, led by Umberto Bossi, started calling for the government, of which it is a part, to withdraw its own bill on religious freedom, because it would place Islam on the same footing as any other religion in Italy. The government's bill, currently before the House Constitutional Affairs Committee, was tabled in mid-June and drew almost immediate criticism from the League, especially after the opposition center-left lent its support to the measure. Those supporting the bill, League MP Federico Bricolo argued,

> appear to ignore the fact that mosques and Islamic centers are not just places of worship but also forums for fundamentalist propaganda and the recruitment of terrorists, as took place at the Milan and Turin mosques. The ministers of the Islamic faith referred to in this bill have often been responsible for this recruitment.

According to Michele Saponara, the head committee member from Prime Minister Berlusconi's Forza Italia party, "The problem is verifying whether the religions which will be recognized by the new law will truly abide by our laws and the fundamental rights of man." For instance, he argued, "Muslim laws governing the family are in clear contrast with Italian ones. On points like these we must have absolute guarantees."

Furthermore, as an inescapable consequence of the bill, Muslim civil and religious rights would be codified regarding education, hospitals, barracks, and other institutions, and Muslim taxpayers in Italy would be allowed to assign a percentage of their income before taxes to their religion, just as Catholics and other recognized religious groups can. This is money that will, at the very least, fund mosques in Italy. Though the bill was signed by Prime Minister Berlusconi, one of his most influential advisors, priest-turned-politician Gianni Baget Bozzo, is firmly against it:

> What's the sense of recognizing, in the name of religious freedom, full constitutional rights to a creed which does not recognize those values in its dispensation? Under several grounds Islam is incompatible with Italy's constitutions.

Taxpayer money, Bozzo argues, "would end up funding those factions which are closest to terrorism."

During the National Symposium on Narco-Terrorism at DEA headquarters in Virginia last December, Larry C. Johnson, a specialist in money-laundering investigations, contrasted traditional money-laundering operations with a less-conventional system he termed the "money-dirtying process." Speaking particularly of the bin Laden network, he pointed out that

> We've also seen . . . the money does not start out . . . as dirty money. It doesn't start out as money generated from illegal activities. In fact, in some of the cases, it's money generated by charitable contributions that flows into bank accounts, flows through the system, and it's only when it comes out at

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the other end [that it] is put in the hands of those folks who are going to go out and kill and murder people[. A]t that point you then have a criminal act.

Examples of this, recently reported in the *Financial Times*, are the huge sums of money being channeled from Islamic extremists in Great Britain to terrorists groups in the disputed region of Kashmir in India. The money is often collected after Friday prayers, under the auspices of human-rights charities, particularly in London, Manchester, and Cardiff. If this is already happening in Rome, Milan, and Turin, Italy may soon turn out to be the first Western country to fund an Islamic *jihad*, courtesy of its internal-revenue service.

Alberto Carosa is the editor of Famiglia Domani Flash, *a pro-family newsletter published in Rome.*

Letter From the Elsenborn Ridge

by Brian Kirkpatrick

The 99th's Last Mission

◆

My father told me about his combat experience in World War II just once when I was a boy. I must have been under ten, and we were in a car at night. My clearest memory of what he told me is the story of the deer his unit killed with their carbines, and of their delight in the fresh meat.

Now that he's in his 70's, I hear many of his stories: the strange composition of his division, the 99th, and what the German general who couldn't cross the Elsenborn Ridge said about the 99th after the war; what my father did on the Danube that got him a Silver Star nomination, and how he lost it when he fell asleep on guard duty in a rear area. Sometimes, my father seems to be hiding other stories, such as what he traded his coveted cigarettes for while he was in Paris.

The stories started to flow in 1995, when he went on a trip with other members of the division to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the Battle of the Bulge, the 99th's first major engagement. The American veterans were astonished that, so many years later, the Belgians greeted them like heroes. When my mother describes the cider and chocolates, her face—now half-paralyzed—still lights up. After that trip, my father began to talk about his experiences, and he hasn't missed the division's annual reunion since.

My parents live in Texas, so when the 99th's reunion brings them close to Baltimore, I find myself among the division's aging alumni, their wives, and their grown children. The 99th is a skeleton operation now, providing support services, and is no longer a combat infantry unit. As a consequence, when the Division Association meets, nearly all of the members are well into their 70's. Unavoidably, the number who can attend is smaller every year. At the closing banquet, they bring out the bottle of champagne in a chest, with which the last man is supposed to toast his lost comrades. My father told me that he and a friend have agreed that, when only the two of them are left, they'll drink it together. "It wouldn't be as much fun to drink it alone," my father said.

For my father, there are already times when the meetings seem terribly lonely. I heard about the first absence that night long ago, when I was a small boy. According to the first version my father heard, Dean, his boyhood friend, was standing—*standing*—in his foxhole, reading a letter from his girlfriend, when the artillery shell landed, killing him instantly.

"The first thing I thought," my father said, "was 'How could he have been so stupid?' I was furious."

My father was just 20.

The other absence hurts more now, because it's more recent. Dick, my father's foxhole partner—the man with whom he slept in rain and snow, who kept him alive and was kept alive by him—is absent. Alzheimer's has taken Dick from my father, something the Germans tried and failed to do.

My father usually tries to get out of telling his stories, saying others should speak instead. Twice, he was in a rear area because of injury: once, because of a fall that injured his back, and once, because of a minor wound. As a consequence, he wasn't with his friends at the battle in the area of the Remagen bridge. To him, the fact that he lay in the snow for a month in the woods of Belgium, during the Battle of the Bulge, and suffered permanent damage to his feet from frostbite, or that he was nominated for a Silver Star when the division crossed the Danube, can't make up for his absence when G Company of the 395th had their third great battle.

All of the men say similar things: that others should speak; that each of them did nothing special; that someone else was the hero. The 99th was badly outnumbered when the German veterans made their push for the Dutch coast during the Battle of the Bulge. Someone kept the Germans off the Elsenborn Ridge, but to hear these men tell it, none of them had much to do with it.

The men of the 99th laugh a lot at the reunions, but, when they tell the serious stories, there is always that subtext of guilt. G Company's former commander—still called "Captain" by all the men—told me about the time, in a quiet area, when he arranged for the company to have a rare hot meal. As the first group gathered in a walled garden, a hidden German observer called in an artillery barrage. Of course, the Captain couldn't have known there were any Germans around, but he still lacerates himself for those deaths.

Why do they all seem to feel guilty? They were part of the effort that closed the German concentration camps and liberated the grateful Belgians. Moreover, they had little choice but to fight. Still, I think that, by their lights, they have committed two terrible sins. First, they all killed other men, or tried to. And, unlike so many of their friends, they are still alive. Each year, the burden of that last crime increases.

The 99th is on a final, teaching mission, and my son is among their students. The lessons creep in, among the family gossip and war stories, and he learns them without realizing that I have put him in a classroom. He is coming to understand that young men, strong enough to walk from the Atlantic coast to southern Germany while carrying a heavy automatic weapon—that is, young men like him—all become old. That these old men have gone ahead of him and know about things he will encounter, even if he never has to lie in the snow with a rifle in a forest in Northern Europe. That there are good leaders, who are loved by their men for the rest of their lives, and bad ones, who, in their egotism, can order

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impossible assaults for a photographer's sake, killing their own unnecessarily. That war is something not to be sought with glee but is such a terrible thing that even the victors suffer from it for the rest of their lives. That what he will remember of his wars is his love for his friends, and whether or not he failed them.

Brian Kirkpatrick writes from Baltimore, Maryland.

Letter From Venice

by Andrei Navrozov

A Good Idea

◆

The most readily saleable kind of merchandise a writer keeps on offer is his natural gregariousness, with the widely advertised consequence that so many writers drink themselves to death. In this steady though unprofitable trade of ours, I am pleased to say, I have some distinct advantage over the competition, as I never went to school and spent my childhood in near-monastic isolation. That such a mode of upbringing, notwithstanding John Stuart Mill's inspiring example, is almost universally credited nowadays with the unleashing of homicidal sociopaths, called "loners," upon placid diners in fast-food restaurants may be flattering; nothing, however, is further from the truth, since it is perfectly obvious that a person deprived of a certain experience in his youth is all the more eager to have his fill of it as an adult. So it is for me with human company, with the result that no pipe-smoking stranger on the train, no matter how choleric, and no newspaper-reading misanthrope on the bus, however deaf, have ever evaded the tungsten grasp of my clinically certified volubility.

At the next table at Harry's Bar the other night were two middle-aged couples visiting Venice, one British and one Australian. The Englishman, whose wife would soon reveal herself as the weak link in the organization of the table's defenses against my relentlessly mounting intrusion, was in the insurance business. The other man, quiet and mild-mannered, though married to a highly strung and oddly birdlike American, would later confide that he was a corporate executive in the Murdoch group of companies. A very short time after I had insinuated myself into the table's chitchat, while at the same time stratifying my position as the resident Venetian, with the aid of a Jesuitical commentary on the imperfect wisdom of ordering what my neighbors persisted in calling *those green noodles*, the Englishman turned to me and said, "You know, I really love this Harry's Bar over here. I want to start one just like it, in Mayfair. You think it'd do well? A good idea?"

"Well," I chewed judiciously on the celery in the Bloody Mary, wondering if it would sound snobbish to ask how familiar he was with the restaurant's South Audley Street namesake, or its sister establishment on Fifth Avenue, or the half-dozen unauthorized knock-offs here and there, including a particularly sad one on the Lungarno in Florence. But at that point, my collocutor volunteered that he was both a member of Mark Birley's dining club in London and a habitue of Cipriani's in Manhattan, thus opening the door to further insidious speculation. "What is it exactly," I asked, "that you like about this place so much? I mean, is it the food, is it these famous low chairs, is it the lighting?" "No, it's the mix," he said. "It's the atmosphere. You know, all these different people." As though to underscore the point he was making, two sailors in uniform had walked in and leaned on the bar.

It was time to let the penny drop. "You mean, me?" I said, eyelashes aflutter. "You mean that in a place like this people like you find yourselves seated next to people like me? You are quite right, of course, this sort of thing cannot be expected to happen in New York, nor in London these days. And I shall now tell you exactly why. Do you see that table in the center, the one with three people on it? That's Count V—— with his houseguest, dining with Donatella A——. Now, when their bill arrives, you'll find that they'll be paying one-half of what I'm going to have to pay at the end of *my* dinner. And when *your* bill arrives, my friends, you'll be paying twice as much as I'm about to pay."

A shocked silence followed, as I had expected. "Isn't that a bit unfair?" thought the English wife. "That's just outrageous!" thought the American wife. "So, in effect, aren't we paying for this Venetian Russian's dinner? And he's on his fifth Bloody Mary!" thought the husbands in unison, instinctive hands on plump wallets.

"Dear friends!" I said. "I know what you're thinking, and as a resident of Venice I thank you for opening your hearts, and your pockets, to our island paradise. But you've told me yourselves, *I love the mix*, haven't you? Well, let's say you start yet another outrageously expensive restaurant in Mayfair, with the aim of recapturing what you perceive as the unique atmosphere of the original Harry's Bar in Venice. Who is going to go there? Fatcats, fatcats, and only fatcats. Who but a fatcat is going to pay $200 for a meal of Friskies Buffet, to say nothing of the three-dollar bottle of mainstream Italian red marked up to fifty bucks? So how is your new restaurant going to be any different from the fashionable Harry's Bar that already exists, and prospers at your expense, in South Audley Street?

"Besides, you mustn't think that the round-robin of mooching I've let you in on is unique to this place. All Venice works on the same system of negative air miles, and could never work without it. The corner bar where I have my coffee every morning charges one dollar, whereas you would pay five dollars. Why? Because it's *my* corner bar, not yours. My water taxi to Piazzale Roma costs thirty dollars, yours will cost you double. Why? Because I have an account with them, while you are mere birds of passage. If I had made your hotel booking directly through the Venetian hotelier, you'd be paying a third less. Why? Frankly, because the owner would believe that you are of some relevance to the society in which he actually lives, and not one of the ten million credit-card numbers that make up the abstract *presenze a Venezia*.

"That's why we still have at least thirty restaurants, both in the city itself and out on the islands, that are better by far than any in New York or London, and at least half a dozen that are as good as any in Paris. Eliminate what you see as the unfairness of the system I'm describing, and straightaway the natives, and then the regulars, and then everybody else who is in any sense distinguished, unusual, or noteworthy, will stop coming. We will all withdraw into our homes, since, for the money that even the regulars end up paying here, one can easily hire at least a Croatian cook. It will be all tourists, rich tourists in famous places like this one, and poor tourists everywhere else. And then Venice will end up like Florence,

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where the only dining establishment that upholds the tourism-ravaged city's gastronomic honor is a working-men's canteen in Oltrarno."

The wives had taken momentary refuge in what they called *the powder room*. The husbands hung in there, somewhat listless I thought, but still, what the hell, lively enough for the home-schooled sociopathic loner to persuade himself that he was the life of the party and to carry on with his monologue. "Yet the issue is wider than the survival of a tourist destination in the face of the monstrous centipede. As you can see, the system protects us. But equally, you must see that the main distinctive feature of the system is identical to that pluralism of ways and means that once made the European family of nations, in Mill's words, 'an improving, instead of a stationary, portion of mankind.'"

This is what Mill wrote:

> Individuals, classes, nations, have been extremely unlike one another: they have struck out a great variety of paths, each leading to something valuable; and although at every period those who travelled in different paths have been intolerant of one another, and each would have thought it an excellent thing if all the rest could have been compelled to travel his road, their attempts to thwart each other's development have rarely had any permanent success, and each has in time endured to receive the good which the others have offered.

By contrast, Mill argued, contemporary Europe is now "advancing towards the Chinese ideal of making all people alike."

By now, they were on their coffee and offering no resistance whatever. "Your new venture in Mayfair would be reckoning its success solely in money, in parallel to the larger society, which seeks to reduce everything to the lowest common denominator. So it would be boring as hell, boring as New York and now London are boring. Boring, I tell you, like any place where a rich footballer does not make way for an old war hero, where a real-estate agent lords it over a peer of the realm, and where an insurance magnate never finds himself listening to the words of a writer.

"But forget *writer*. A society that reckons in money, as it inevitably becomes more collectivist until it begins to resemble Albania under Hoxha, loses the very concept of *personage*. While over here, once I start with the premise that I am not a gullible fool to be paying more for dinner than the man at the center table just because he is a count and I am not, one day I may get to discover that he is a fascinating and historically significant personage, whose presence I will find vastly enriching. Don't you see? Mammon has bled your world dry, and left it hanging upside down like a kosher chicken!"

"So you don't think it's a good idea?" at length said the Englishman.

Andrei Navrozov is Chronicles' *European correspondent.*

Letter From Colorado

by John Carney

Que Bueno?

◆

"Whether or not [*sic*] it is advisable to completely [*sic*] shut the door on native-language instruction is a decision that has to be made at the point of instruction," U.S. Secretary of Education Rod Paige said on a recent trip to Denver, where he stopped to promote President George W. Bush's educational-reform agenda.

Colorado voters will likely be asked to decide this November on a proposal that would amend the state constitution to guarantee that public schools put non-English-speaking students in one-year immersion courses rather than the bilingual-education programs favored by the education establishment. Paige's opposition to the amendment should not come as a surprise to anyone familiar with the Bush administration's general "*Que Bueno*" stance. But few expected the administration to take sides against the pro-English reformers in such a dramatic and public way.

The *Denver Post* depicted the Colorado debate as pitting those who favor local control of bilingual education against the supporters of the amendment, who "would remove that choice from local schools and districts." I don't have a dog in a fight between bilingualists and centralizers. My dog is the one the *Post*'s reporters somehow manage not to hear barking: immigration reform. Why on earth would anyone prefer to consolidate control of education when a far more reasonable alternative is at hand?

The fight in Colorado is just one example of how mass immigration is reshaping our country. Terrorist immigrants beget the burgeoning national-security state. Illegal workers lead to a push for national identity cards. Increasing numbers of non-English speakers create a demand for a government-sanctioned "official language." The loss of a common culture or heritage has many calling for state-sponsored "Americanization" programs.

Any of these innovations would replace settled communal and traditional practices of the American people with bureaucratic, managerial, and homogenizing mechanisms. Yet, for the most part, these are somehow considered "conservative" measures. Any dissent on the right typically denies that there are serious problems arising from mass immigration, because ours is a "nation of ideas." I often imagine this phrase as the epitaph on our country's tombstone, set back beyond the cemetery on the part of the hill reserved for suicides. In my more charitable moods, however, I am tempted to observe that this willful blindness is a nearly understandable reaction against the proposed neoconservative *kulturkampf*, which ought to be anathema in a free country.

The left at least recognizes that mass immigration entails the dissolution of our traditions; the reorganization of our economic, educational, and political institutions; and an abandonment of our inherited ways of life. After decades of mass immigration, it was inevitable that something like multiculturalism and political correctness would take hold. As immigration renders reliance on tacit consent to traditional rules of conduct impossible, new and explicit rules governing the way we live are put in place. Multiculturalism and political correctness are simply techniques to manage a population when traditional community has dissolved.

It can be hard to see beyond the distortions of the managerial techniques of the right and left. Secretary Paige may pose as a defender of localism, but he is nothing of the sort. It's a strange sort of local-

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ism that requires the head of a department of a federal agency to intervene in a debate over a state constitutional amendment. And Paige is hardly a consistent supporter of local school districts against statewide mandates. The education program he promotes for the Bush administration would require the states to force local school districts to meet a host of statewide standards. So why does Paige insist on defending local prerogatives when it comes to bilingualism?

Take a closer look at Paige's statewide standards, which will not be set by the elected officials of Colorado, much less by voters in a state referendum. Instead, the standards will be set by educational professionals. That is why there is no contradiction between supporting statewide standards and opposing the proposed amendment to Colorado's constitution. Both positions share the principle of the autonomy of the public-education profession. Both positions seek to avoid democratic or parental authority over educational choices, leaving education under the control of government teachers and administrators. Paige wants decisions about language education to be "made at the point of instruction"—which is to say, not by parents or even by elected school-board members. Localism is just a rhetorical connivance in service of this principle.

I'm not surprised to discover the head of the Department of Education taking sides with the educational establishment. The people of Colorado may build the schools, pay the teachers, and have nominal parental authority over their children, but they certainly are not going to be permitted actually to run things. And, truth be told, they probably do not want to and would most likely fail if they tried. An important aspect of what James Burnham termed the "managerial revolution" has been the arrangement of civil society in ways that require the mastery of managerial skills and the ability to perform certain types of routines within an organization. Who else but bureaucrats can run a modern state bureaucracy, a corporation, or a school system?

Every bureaucrat must daydream a version of Ayn Rand's *Atlas Shrugged*. Only, in this fantasy, it is the bureaucrats who go on strike. Let all the CEO's and CFO's, assistant undersecretaries, union vice presidents and university vice provosts leave their desks for a few months' vacation on a Cuban beach, where they can watch the rest of us struggle to recall how our civilization might ever have functioned without their ministrations. That would teach the ornery citizens, stockholders, and parents.

Naturally, the managerial class is not about to launch a general strike. The rewards of power, prestige, and wealth are too great. What's more, there is always the danger that people left to their own devices might seize upon a way to gain control of their communities and country. They might notice, for instance, that the crisis of bilingualism in California and Colorado is really a crisis of immigration. They might see that the dilemma John O'Sullivan used to call the "National Question" will not be solved by entrusting one set of administrators or another with more authority. Perhaps they might even ask whether it is advisable to permit millions of foreigners to live among us if this forces us to choose between consolidating control of our schools or giving up English as our common tongue.

I guess the experts aren't the only ones who have daydreams.

John Carney, an attorney in New York City, is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania Law School.

Letter From Minnesota

by Sean Scallon

Holding On to a Culture

◆

For a political party that celebrates diversity, it is certainly an odd choice. The Democratic-Farmer-Labor (DFL) Party of Minnesota, like the Democrats nationwide, has celebrated its role in promoting multiculturalism and massive immigration. Yet the ticket the DFL has nominated to run for governor and lieutenant governor this fall—State Senate Majority Leader Roger Moe and Julie Sabo, daughter of Congressman Martin Olav Sabo—is the most Scandinavian in the state's history. Political wags are dubbing it the "Leftist Lefsic" ticket, for the Norwegian dish that Moe and Sabo have no doubt digested.

Minnesota is changing rapidly, thanks to tremendous immigration from the Third World, the explosive growth of the suburbs, and the decline of the rural countryside. While the latest census data show that many Minnesotans still identify themselves as Scandinavian (of Norwegian, Swedish, Finnish, Danish, or Icelandic decent), they no longer form a majority of the state's residents. Thus, this may be the last time we ever see such a ticket.

Scandinavians in Minnesota retain many institutions that may provide anchorage through this period of cultural turmoil. These include private colleges, many of which were founded along ethnic and religious lines. St. Olaf's in Northfield and Augsburg in Minneapolis were founded by Norwegians belonging to more liberal Lutheran synods, while more orthodox Norwegian Lutherans founded Concordia in Moorhead. In St. Peter, Swedish Lutherans created Gustavus Adolphus.

While such institutions do good work in preserving, studying, and promoting Scandinavian culture—the real culture, beyond Ole and Lena jokes and Garrison Keillor's mumblings about "Norwegian bachelor farmers"—their future is unclear. The same cultural pressures that have affected the ethnic groups of the Upper Midwest have affected their institutions as well.

Ole Rølvaag was not among the Norwegian bankers, merchants, and farmers who were the original founders of St. Olaf's back in 1874; he immigrated to America two decades later. But as a professor there and the first secretary of the Norwegian-American Historical Association (NAHA) in 1925, he did much to shape St. Olaf's image through his teaching and the fame he gained as the author of such works as *Giants of the Earth* and *Peder Victorious*, which chronicled the Norwegian immigrant experience.

In addition, "Rølvaag was a very vigorous collector," Kim Holland, assistant director at NAHA, told me. "He went from farm to farm all across the Midwest collecting letters, poems, writings of any kind, stories, that are found in our archives. Luther College [a Norwegian-founded school in Decorah, Iowa] may have the Norwegian-American museum and collect all the artifacts and may be more glamorous, but what we have is more powerful: the records, writings, and manuscripts that, with the college's own archives, provide the complete portrait of

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the Norwegian community here in the Midwest. And people still bring such writings to us to decipher after looking through the attics and basement boxes in Grandma and Grampa's house."

As far back as 1907, Rølvaag spoke of the loss of a connection between the Norwegian world that he and his fellow immigrants knew and the American world their children were experiencing. That connection is even more tenuous now. The NAHA's official ties with St. Olaf's were cut in 1969, though the group maintains its offices on campus. Back then, St. Olaf's, wanting to be known as more than just a school for Norwegians, tried to emphasize the liberal arts, much like its nearby rival Carelton. Instead, it wound up having an identity crisis that lasted until the mid-1980's.

"I think the school does a better job of identifying itself as a center of Norwegian culture and has developed a comfortable niche around it," Holland (who is Norwegian on her mother's side) said. "It's much more emphasized than it was when I graduated from here in 1980, when it tried to be everything to everybody. They try to attract that kind of student and define what being a Norwegian-American means. And they do a lot of their recruiting towards the West, in Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, and Washington. It has a very pioneer character."

Besides NAHA's collection and the school's own archives, St. Olaf's promotes its Norwegian heritage in other ways. It still has Syttende Mai celebrations and exchange programs with colleges and universities in Norway; it schedules tours through Norway, receives visits from Norwegian dignitaries, and is one of the few schools in the country to have a Norwegian major. Norwegian scholars come to Northfield to study the history of their compatriots in America.

Then there is Gustavus Adolphus. Founded in the city of Red Wing in 1862 by Swedish Evangelical Lutheran ministers, who also established Augustana College in Rock Island, Illinois, Gustavus Adolphus moved three times before settling, like St. Olaf's, on the top of a hill, this one overlooking the picturesque Minnesota River Valley. As at St. Olaf's, the trappings of the past remain. Most of the buildings have Scandinavian names (Nobel Science Building, Linnaeus Arboretum); there are busts and portraits of the great Swedish king; and the Swedish flag flies from time to time on its flagpoles. There are classes in Swedish language and culture, study-abroad programs and student exchanges, and a Swedish immersion house on campus; and many retired faculty members take part in the local Swedish Club. The school, however, seems to be going through the "everything to everyone" phase that St. Olaf's did.

"I've been here since 1974, and their emphasis as a Swedish school pretty much peaked in 1985," said Byron Nordstrom, a professor of Scandinavian history. "Now, it's part of the multiple faces they want for themselves. They emphasize their Swedish background, depending upon the audience. But they also want to emphasize [the school] as a liberal-arts college, as a modern, diverse place, as more than just a regional private school."

At both schools, the audience that is truly interested in the history, language, and culture of Scandinavia and its reflection in America is limited. The number of students taking courses in Scandinavian history and the Swedish language, or who choose Scandinavian majors, is not large. While a sizeable group of students takes Norwegian at St. Olaf's (recently, they had to turn some students down because enrollment had reached capacity), this may be more because of the school's foreign-language requirement, something Gustavus lacks. While half of the students at both schools have Scandinavian backgrounds, they are being replaced by the kind of young people who descend upon Gustavus in the summer for sport or music camps—kids who probably don't know and don't care who Gustavus Adolphus was and have no interest in the Swedish identity of the school.

"When you're 25 or around that age, your identity and ethnicity is probably the furthest thing from your mind," Nordstrom said, pointing to the tennis campers who were breaking for lunch in the school's dining hall. "What are you thinking about at that age? Graduating from school, getting a job, finding a mate, starting a family. People don't really focus on their identities until they are middle aged and they're settled down and those mid-life crisis questions 'Who am I, what am I here for?' start popping up."

The best of both worlds, old and new: That was what the Swedish immigrants in America wanted from their schools, Nordstrom told me. "Sure, they wanted their children to know Swedish and Swedish customs and Swedish beliefs, but they also wanted their children to know English, know about George Washington, know about American writers and literature just as much as they did about Swedish ones. Gustavus Adolphus wasn't set up to be separatist school. They wanted their kids to be American as well as Swedish."

There was a time when people living in an immigrant community in this country could have their old culture and their new one. They could speak their ancestral language in their home, read it in a newspaper, hear it at church and among neighbors and friends, all the while still participating in and honoring the overarching ways of American life, civic or commercial.

"My grandmother never had to speak English because the people that were important to her in her community—the pastor, her friends and family—didn't speak English either," Holland said. "That community just isn't there now. Minnesota and Northfield are unique spots to trace that community so far back, but some of that is slipping away. Are we going to be a suburban world? The in-between place with the past on one side and the remnants of what we've left behind on the other? That question still needs an answer, and, at least from St. Olaf's point of view, they recognize the importance and strengths of keeping those ties to the past and living out that heritage today."

Just like the wars of the past century, September 11 and the War on Terrorism will no doubt bring on another round of "Americanization" of immigrants, new and old. What should be the response of those who see such rational homogenization efforts as something that empires engage in? The America we are supposed to conform to is not the one our Founding Fathers created but a fraud influenced by the worst kinds of gods, philosophies, and creeds, organized *en masse* and reduced to the banal. A true "Americanization" would acknowledge that the Western Christian cultures that formed the basis of the Old Republic deserve preservation and promotion.

Sean Scallon is a reporter from East Ellsworth, Wisconsin.

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Letter From Texas

by Wayne Allensworth

Little Goodbyes

◆

The sun is breaking through, the dark green grass shimmering as it is swept back and forth by the wind like the mane of a wild mustang running along a plain. Down here, near Madisonville along I-45 South, the rains had come hard and heavy. The roadside is aglow in the white sunlight with the orange-reds of the Indian paintbrushes, the pinks of the buttercups, and the tall, bright stems of the Texas state flower, the bluebonnet.

The land has changed from the prairies and cross-timbers of North Texas to the heavy thickets and piney woods of the southeast corner of the Lone Star state. Soon, I'll pass Huntsville. Maybe I'll see the prisoners in white working at what we used to call the "pea farm," with Stetsoned men on horseback, shotguns in hand, watching, the sun reflecting off of their mirror sunglasses; the prisoners stooped over; the horses standing tall.

The brightness of the sun glaring on something ahead makes me reach for my shades, and I see the reflection of my arm in the window, the trees and grass and flowers and fenceposts sliding by. I wave at them and listen to the music, a haunting duet by Johnny Cash and Bob Dylan from when I was a schoolboy and never thought of saying goodbye:

If you're traveling in the North
Country fair,
Where the wind blows heavy at the
borderline
Remember me to one who lives
there,
She once was a true love of mine

The kids had acted like I was going on a journey akin to the travels of Marco Polo when I dropped them off at school earlier. Even Matthew, who is not exactly the sentimental type, stopped to hug me. Goodbye, little ones.

The next morning, the doctor tells my mother that they will remove that spot on her thyroid and hope for the best. She's in good spirits, confident that God is watching over her and that her time isn't up yet. I shiver a little, having forgotten how cold hospitals can be. In the waiting room, we gather—friends, aunts and cousins, sons, Daddy, who is holding up well, too, and my grandparents, who probably shouldn't have come but did anyway. We wait and tell funny stories on one another and catch up a little.

A few hours later, the doctor comes out, smiling. It went well, he says. She's resting. He doesn't think the cancer has come back. We all breathe a little easier and make plans to see each other again some time. Not so long, next time, huh?

Pawps, my grandfather, motions for me to come over. He tells me he wants me to come by tomorrow. He's got something for me, he says, and I wonder what. Then he slowly moves away and is gone. When I was a little boy, I used to wonder where everybody went when you could not see them, like they weren't real until they turned up right in front of me. But I don't wonder about that anymore.

It is nice out the following day. Not too hot, a few clouds, everything lush and green, the sun not so harsh as it usually is down here.

The Sak 'n' Pak icehouse is still there. The big garage doors are already up, the shop fans blowing inside. I see a few glowing beer signs, a pool table, and an old man in suspenders as I drive slowly by. Next door, two Mexicans sit outside, leaning back against the wall of the tire shop, a hand-painted sign over their heads.

Pawps and Nanny are outside, sitting in the shade of the garage in a couple of lawn chairs. The garage looks empty since they gave that old Dodge truck to my brother. He'll need it up at the country, they say, and then we go inside and I notice that one of the four deer heads that lined the paneled wall in the living room is gone. So is the bobcat Nanny shot, the one with the bent ear from when one of the trophies fell on it. It used to sit on the TV, climbing a tree limb and baring its teeth at you.

Pawps tells me he wants me to have their deer rifles, Nanny's .222 and his .308. They can't go any more, anyway, and he knows I'll use them. And he wants me to take one of the trophies, an eight-pointer he shot himself. So we go and get the gun case, and I take down the deer. Pawps brushes the dust off him, and I carry him out to the car carefully, like I'm helping an old friend. Then I come back for the gun case, telling them I'll be proud to use their rifles. Nanny smiles and taps the case. "That was my little jewel," she says. But times change.

I pull away, and they walk slowly back into the shadows of the garage.

As I pass the icehouse, I notice the old man is gone. At the tire shop, one of the Mexicans lifts his hand and waves as I pass by.

Wayne Allensworth, who has never been good at goodbyes, decided to hang the trophy in Matthew's room.

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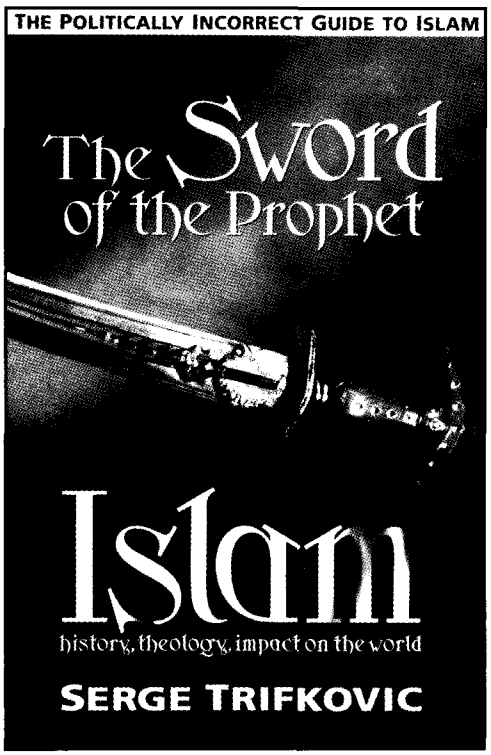
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by Srdja Trifkovic

The Coming War in Iraq: Dangerous and Unnecessary

In the final years of the Soviet Union, as *glasnost* broadened the scope of permissible public debate, it was still deemed advisable to precede any expression of controversial views with a little disclaimer. For example, "While I hold no brief for the Islamic *dushmans* terrorizing the people of Afghanistan, I think we should withdraw from that country"; or, "While rejecting the notion that Western-style capitalism provides the best model for the good life, I think that we should abandon central planning and collectivized agriculture in favor of free-market reforms."

It is a sign of these unpleasant times that I feel compelled to make such a statement when discussing Iraq, but so be it: I think, unreservedly, that Saddam Hussein is a nasty piece of work. In fact, I wish that he were dead and gone and that someone very different held power in Baghdad. (Admittedly, hardly any leader in the Arab world is *very* different from Saddam: To bully, cheat, and lie abroad, and to oppress and rob at home, is the rule rather than the exception in that political culture.) The Iraqi dictator has brought nothing but misery to his own people, as well as chronic instability to the region. His military adventures—including two disastrous wars—ended in fiascos, and, yes, he did "gas his own people." (Actually, it was the Kurds, whom he sees as anything but "his own" but who had the misfortune of living under his sway.) If he could make them or buy them, Saddam would undoubtedly love to have all kinds of "weapons of mass destruction," and, *in extremis*, he would probably use them against a foe unable to retaliate in kind.

All of the above, while obviously *necessary* to the argument that the United States must topple Saddam by force, are not *sufficient* to make the argument stick. Since different members of the Bush administration and the War Party have used different tools to support the basic argument, we need to examine them one by one.

In the immediate aftermath of September 11, the proponents of war against Iraq immediately claimed that Saddam Hussein should be dealt with "once and for all" because he was in cahoots with Al Qaeda. This turned out to be untrue. Saddam is a secular dictator with pan-Arabic, nationalist (rather than Islamic) delusions of grandeur. Accordingly, his regime tends to support non-Islamic radicals, notably PLO dissidents—including Abu Nidal, who was recently found murdered in his Baghdad dwelling—and he fears Muslim fundamentalist groups such as Al Qaeda. Bin Laden, for his part, regards the Iraqi dictator as a "bad Muslim" and wants him out of power. The widely circulated claim that Muhammad Atta, the mastermind of the September 11 attacks, had met an Iraqi intelligence agent in Prague months before the hijackings was discarded in April 2002, when the top Czech spymaster and federal law-enforcement officials both said that an extensive investigation had found no evidence that the meeting had ever taken place. The war enthusiasts, nevertheless, did not give up, resorting to desperate ploys: On August 22, William Safire claimed in the *New York Times* that "a score of terrorists" were captured by U.S. Special Forces in Northern Iraq, "including [a] Saddam agent, Saad, and [a] Qaeda operative, al-Kurdi." There is even a "Qaeda-Saddam joint venture" to produce "a form of cyanide cream that kills on contact." This was all unsubstantiated rubbish.

Anticipating the absence of a smoking gun, within weeks after September 11, the proponents of bombing Baghdad declared that none was necessary: We are waging a "War on Terror," Iraq supports terrorists, and, *ergo*, Iraq is a legitimate target. The ruins of the Twin Towers were still smoldering when Paul Wolfowitz declared that the time had come to settle the score with Saddam once and for all, and his old buddy Richard Perle—part-Rasputin, part Svengali—has echoed the line ever since. In a letter to President Bush, Bill Kristol and two-dozen neocon leading lights (including Perle, Robert Kagan, Charles Krauthammer,

Martin Peretz, and Norman Podhoretz) argued that,

> even if evidence does not link Iraq directly to the attack, any strategy aiming at the eradication of terrorism and its sponsors must include a determined effort to remove Saddam Hussein from power.

William Safire chimed in with his claim that "terror's most dangerous supporter can be found in Baghdad."

In reality, Saddam has provided support to a variety of groups that oppose his regional adversaries—including the Mujahedeen-e-Khalq dissidents fighting the government of Iran, Kurdish rebels fighting Turkey, and, since the *intifada* began in 2000, various Palestinian groups attacking Israel. None of these groups has targeted America. In this respect, his mischief is no worse than Pakistan's support for the Kashmiri separatists who routinely resort to terror against India, or Georgia's benevolent tolerance of Chechen terrorists within her borders. Saddam's terrorist-friendly sins pale compared to the Clinton administration's warm embrace of the KLA, the collection of homicidal dope dealers and pimps who now run Kosovo, having murdered or ethnically cleansed every non-Albanian they could lay their hands on. Yes, Saddam probably does channel money to the families of Palestinian suicide bombers, too, but in doing so, he is only following the example of the United States' "reliable ally," the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia. Unless Musharraf, Shevardnadze, Clinton, and Abdullah are measured by the same yardstick, Saddam's "support for terrorism" is not a serious argument.

Next, the proponents of war resurrected the old claim that Iraq had to be attacked because it could be acquiring

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"weapons of mass destruction" (WOMDs), and it refuses to allow U.N. weapons inspectors to find out if this is so. There is no proof that Saddam is actually developing his arsenal; that objection, however, was discounted by Donald Rumsfeld in a turn of phrase worthy of Torquemada: "The absence of evidence does not mean the evidence of absence."

In congressional hearings last August, former U.N. arms inspector Scott Ritter—a Marine veteran, Bush voter, and a card-carrying Republican—claimed that the Bush administration does not want renewed inspections of Iraq, only war: "A handful of ideologues have hijacked the national security policy of the United States for their own ambitions." Ritter insisted that Iraq has been stripped of its WOMDs and of its capacity to make them. This man, who spent seven years in Iraq with the UNSCOM weapons-inspection teams, is adamant: Iraq simply does not have weapons of mass destruction, any more than it has threatening ties to international terrorism.

Ritter's former boss, Rolf Ekeus, head of U.N. weapons inspections in Iraq from 1991 to 1997, supports this view and questions the stated reasons for withdrawing inspectors in the first place. He has accused the United States and other U.N. Security Council members of manipulating the U.N. inspections teams for their own political ends. Ekeus, one of the most respected Swedish diplomats, says there is no doubt that the United States attempted to increase its influence over the inspections to favor its own agenda: "As time went on, some countries, especially the US, wanted to learn more about other parts of Iraq's capacity." He claimed that the United States tried to determine the whereabouts of Saddam Hussein and pressed the teams to inspect sensitive areas, such as Iraq's Ministry of Defense, when it was politically favorable for them to create a crisis—"inspections which were controversial from the Iraqis' view, and thereby created a blockage that could be used as a justification for a direct military action." In December 1998, one such fabricated crisis enabled President Clinton—then in the midst of the Lewinsky affair—to order UNSCOM inspectors out of Iraq two days before renewing bombing (without Security Council approval). The majority of the targets bombed were derived from the unique access the UNSCOM inspectors had enjoyed in Iraq, and they had more to do with the security of Saddam Hussein than with WOMDs.

The current war fever is totally unconnected to weapons inspections. John Bolton, the U.S. arms-control leader, declared that the United States "insists on regime change in Baghdad and that policy will not be altered, whether inspectors go in or not." Bolton is probably aware that it would be audacious for a boldly unilateralist administration to invoke Saddam's violations of "the will of the international community" as a *casus belli*. That is the Clintonistas' line; the Bush team has no qualms about abrogating nuclear-arms-control treaties and biological-weapons conventions, torpedoing the International Criminal Court, and refusing to sign global-warming protocols. (Admittedly, most of those conventions and documents deserve to be ignored or shredded, but, from a purely legal standpoint, the readiness to attack Iraq without a Security Council mandate represents a violation of international law of the highest order.)

More worrisome is the fact that the forthcoming war is also a violation of the U.S. Constitution. President Bush may have been told by his unnamed "top legal advisors" that he does not need to secure the approval of Congress before launching a full-scale war on Iraq, but their claim is based on the assertion that the original Security Council resolution that paved the way for the Gulf War back in 1991 remains in full legal force—a claim that is not accepted by the Security Council itself!

When the War Party encounters legal and rational obstacles, it resorts to dehumanization and demonization: Saddam is evil—so evil, in fact, that no arguments are needed, and whoever insists on getting them is no better than he. Yes, Saddam is the new Hitler, and if we don't act now . . . Munich . . . higher price later . . . blah, blah, blah. But this trick has been played once too often. Even the neocons realize that it would be tricky for them to support the Wilsonian line, in light of the distinctly unsavory nature of so many regimes whose support they regard as essential to the neoimperial edifice they advocate. Turkey, Croatia, Pakistan, Indonesia, Saudi Arabia, and, yes, Israel all have so many skeletons in their closets that the "moral case," however flexibly applied, would necessitate a literally unending American war for human rights and democracy.

In the end, we are left with the uncomfortable realization that the U.S. government wants to attack Iraq because it *can*, because it expects to be able to do so with relative impunity, and because there are people within the administration who have vested interests and geopolitical and emotional agendas that have nothing to do with the national interest of the United States. The ultimate reason for attacking Iraq is the same as Sir Edmund Hillary's reason for climbing Mount Everest: because it is there. This seemed to be the bottom line when Vice President Cheney, addressing a VFW convention in Nashville at the end of August, vowed that the Bush administration "won't look away and hope for the best." The risks of inaction are far greater than those of action, warned Cheney: "We will take whatever action is necessary." Addressing the concerns of some Republicans who urged caution, he replied that the United States would be ready to help with the rebuilding of Iraq once Saddam had been removed. He also predicted that Saddam's removal would be greeted with joy inside Iraq and would help the spread of democracy across the entire Arab world.

This is pure rhetoric, spiced with wishful thinking. There is no strategic vision, no cost-benefit analysis, no consideration of risks, and no definition of victory. This is frivolity on par with the behavior of Europe's leading statesmen in July 1914. It remains unchallenged, amidst the bipartisan War Party's near monopoly on the U.S. media, making America less open to meaningful debate than during either world war or the Cold War. What began in October 2001 as a legitimate (although not fully legal) military response to the terrorist outrage of September 11 has degenerated into an hubristic power play. Small wonder that only one foreign government in the world fully supports what Bush, Rumsfeld, Cheney & Co. want done.

There are other reasons for the war, in addition to our "passionate attachment," and all of them are equally bad: to hide the fact that Afghanistan is a costly failure, to keep the administration's several arms-industry buddies busy in these lean economic times, and, above all, to satisfy the hubristic longings of the neoconservative cabal that now possesses Bush's ear, soul, heart, and tongue. They give the President ever more menacing scripts to read and then claim that we have to attack Iraq because we are now painted into a corner, since the White House's rhetoric no longer allows for a retreat.

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THE SERVILE STATE

Implanted IDs: *Click Here!*

by B.K. Eakman

Applied Digital Solutions (ADS) announced in March that it had filed for FDA approval of its tiny ID implant, VeriChip, and the Florida-based company performed its first commercial implant on three local children on May 10, promising "easy access of medical records."

While both announcements were greeted with surprise, ADS had already revealed that it had received the patent rights for VeriChip's prototype, Digital Angel—a miniature digital transceiver designed for implantation in the human body and powered electromechanically through muscle movement. Unlike other experimental implants created by competitors, ADS's was intended not merely to identify but to send and receive data and, eventually, to be able to track the implantee using Global Positioning Satellite (GPS) technology. For now, the sales hooks are "medical emergencies" and "identifying missing persons," including soldiers in the field and corpses—particularly effective, given the nation's post-September 11 mentality.

There have been many indications that "technology creep" would someday revolutionize our conceptions of what is personal and private for years, but legislators, in this information-based society, have been slow to sense the dangers of microchipping people.

Most of us probably can tick off a long list of programs that started out as voluntary, temporary, or "pilot projects" but eventually morphed into permanent mandates, sometimes with draconian ramifications: the income tax, Social Security numbers, annual auto-emissions tests, psychological screening for schoolchildren. Both the national ID card and various universal health-care schemes were rejected over just such fears of arbitrary and dehumanizing applications, but both are about to sneak through the back door via the ID implant.

By the time ADS mass markets VeriChip, bureaucrats will likely have scared young parents into microchipping their babies—right now, today, before your child gets swapped, stolen, kidnapped, into an accident, or lost! Will an "adult microchip," like today's beginners' driver's license, then become a rite of passage for teenagers?

Shortly before Christmas 1993, a program to identify pets through chip implants was launched nationwide. Veterinarians and humane societies promoted the new devices, which were (and still are) implanted by means of a painless injection under the animal's skin. The pet chips provide only the basics—pet's name, owner's address, vaccination dates, and vet—all readable with handheld scanners. But if your pet is gone, so is your microchip. How exactly does this chip improve on a collar or dog tag?

The pet program may have been less about finding Fido than about getting the bugs out of ID-implant technology. While data-collection techniques, consolidation, and cross-matching capabilities were exponentially expanding, the door was opened for the next logical step. In a 1993 speech entitled "Microchipped" (published as part of a book in 1994), I predicted the first human ID implant incorporating tracking and cross-matching capability to be a mere decade away.

Nine years later, Digital Angel is suddenly a big winner on the stock market. To attract investors, ADS has a website that hypes a variety of potential uses, from tamper-proof identifications to enhanced e-business security and the monitoring of serious medical conditions. ADS notes that the device can "be activated either by the 'wearer' or by the monitoring facility."

Every news story missed that little fact. Most people would assume that the wearer and the purchaser are a "team," working on the same side. But who will really have control, not only over your whereabouts but of your privileged information? Whether it is school, airport, and building security; "red flagging" your banking transactions; facial-recognition systems in public places; e-mail-intercept/recovery capability; laser scanners picking up cell-phone conversations; cameras mounted on the roadway; or computers logging everything from your urinary-tract infection to your rock-concert tickets, we are being acclimated to believe that, if we have nothing to hide, privacy is no big deal.

Meanwhile, ever-increasing advances in computer cross-matching dog us wherever we go—from census, motor-vehicle, tax, title, and insurance databases to school records. The result is a burgeoning information industry of data traffickers and "brokers," licit and otherwise, all linking information to accommodate the needs of employers, credit bureaus, universities, police, corporate spies—and government. Not surprisingly, data-laundering has become a lucrative spin-off industry.

The student who divulges on a school questionnaire which magazines, modern conveniences, and medications are in his home, or the vacation spots most frequented by family members, has no idea that this "lifestyle data" can be cross-matched with responses relating to social attitudes, worldviews, religion, and politics.

At first, most analysts were interested in aggregate data to determine public-policy trends or to assess the results of advertising strategies aimed at specific demographic groups. But with government-mandated database consolidations, uniform codes, standardized definitions, and compulsory compatibility among local, state, and federal computers—ostensibly "to facilitate information-sharing"—it was only a matter of time before this technology targeted the individual.

The new generation of ID implants hold a sizable paragraph of information. That one paragraph, however, is also capable of being linked with other information systems, and search-engine technology is outstripping the best expectations of even the experts. More ominous, information thought to be anonymous is readily identifiable. The term "confidential," in a legal context, has come to mean "need to know."

A statistical model can be created from computerized information to predict, sometimes with stunning accuracy, future reactions and behaviors using information from a person's past activities, ranging from responses on a survey to frequency of toll-free telephone usage to recurring trends in discretionary spending.

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As Larry Ellison, chief executive officer of the software giant Oracle, explained in an interview on *The News Hour with Jim Lehrer*, there are thousands of compatible databases that track and cross-reference generic information about people: their beliefs, family ties, friends' and associates' names, addresses, phone numbers, and aliases; political/civic clubs and associations joined; magazine and newspaper subscriptions; frequent shopping places; political campaigns and causes contributed to; how important a person is by region, state, or city; and criminal and medical histories, including potentially embarrassing information from long ago. Together, these can forecast a person's future actions.

So where's the abuse?

In 1995, the National Institutes of Health quietly provided a grant to the Western Psychiatric Institute and Clinic for a "Multi-site Multimodal Treatment Study of Children With ADHD." Among the significant aspects of the ensuing legal case was that kids who had not been labeled with *any* disorder were discovered to have been given a battery of psychological tests without informed consent from parents, and, worse, the collected data had been mixed not only with students' education records but with their *medical* records. Once caught, Western Psychiatric refused to share the information they had collected with parents, yet it was unable to prove that data on a particular child could not be retrieved at a later time, causing compensable harm. Might not insurance companies, potential employers, or even a political opponent find such information useful down the road (*e.g.*, a child having once been referred to a psychologist)?

DNA microchipping and other implant technology have progressed in a similarly quiet manner, save a few occasional tidbits. For example, the *Times* of London reported in October 1998 that "[f]ilm stars and the children of millionaires [were] among 45 people, including several Britons . . . [who] have been fitted with chips (called the Sky Eye) in secret tests."

Meanwhile, a barrage of mixed messages erodes our concept of privacy. Beepers, cell phones, key ("swipe") cards, and passwords all make us aware of the need for personal security. Security, however, is not privacy. A person's body and what one does with it (abortion, homosexuality, etc.) supposedly are sacrosanct and inviolable. On the other hand, if *other* people's money or health are compromised by someone's private behavior (say, smoking or drunk driving), then we are told that a person's bodily functions are everybody's business.

Insurance companies certainly think so. The Maryland Insurance Group (part of a Zurich, Switzerland-based conglomerate) sent policyholders a notice in 1994 announcing that it would collect information on "your character, habits, hobbies, finances, occupation, general reputation, health and other personal characteristics"; that it would, at its discretion, talk or write to "neighbors, friends, insurance agent and others who know you" as well as access "motor vehicle reports, court records, or photographs" and anything else that "may pertain to your mode of living, character . . . and personal characteristics." Today, such globally accessible dossier-building is standard operating procedure.

More recently, the cloning debate has put a spotlight on geneticists, who are hot on the DNA/gene-mapping trail to head off genetic "mistakes" and diseases. The criminal-justice system wants biometric identifiers for both employees and criminals (apparently interchangeable distinctions since September 11). International proponents of biometric implant chips—Interpol, for example—use "global cooperation" to justify mass identification and tracking techniques.

The common thread, of course, is a compelling worldwide interest in collecting, tracking, and cross-referencing information on private citizens. Janlori Goldman, deputy director for the Center for Democracy and Technology, saw the handwriting on the wall in 1991 when she commented that there is "barely a piece of information about people that isn't used for far different purposes than it was initially gathered for [*sic*], and always without approval."

Among the cybertech pioneers is Prof. Kevin Warwick of Reading University, working with Blackbaud Inc. (another American software giant) and a renowned British subsidiary software company. Warwick made the headlines in the summer of 1999 when he had a silicon chip transponder surgically implanted in his forearm. For a bemused media, he demonstrated his ability to switch lights on and off and to start and shut down computers and thermostats as he entered or left a room. A computer monitored his every move as he made his way among detectors scattered throughout his building. There was only one problem: The chip was unstable and had to be removed every few weeks, then reimplanted.

Warwick admitted that he missed the chip when it was removed. The Warwick experiments were short-range. The chip emitted radio waves through a mobile-phone network and beamed its location to a computer. A person could be located on a computer map from a few blocks away.

Short range, however, was good enough for what Warwick had in mind for tomorrow's workers: He touted the business possibilities, particularly for companies with high labor costs. The implant, he said, was a relatively cheap means of keeping tabs on employees. "You can tell when people clock into work and when they leave the building," he beamed. "You would know at all times exactly where they were and who they were with."

Although Warwick acknowledged that most people would be "shocked" if companies asked their employees to submit to implants, he pointed out that many employees already carry swipe cards, which can serve as tracking devices. Warwick also suggested that submitting to an implant might be made a condition of being granted a gun license, since computerized background checks amount to virtually the same thing.

Anyone who owns an automobile or boat with GPS knows that satellite tracking is not short-range. The reason Warwick's chip had to be removed frequently is that a GPS enhancement required two penlight batteries to power it for approximately 40 hours. This chip was postage-stamp-sized instead of near-microscopic and had to be made compatible with specific kinds of antennas.

By the time ADS was ready to go commercial with VeriChip in May, human chip implants were not science fiction anymore. In light of this year's horrific child abductions/murders, there was, predictably, no shortage of volunteers. Who cared whether the chip was invisible or not? Improvements can be expected.

More portentous suggestions than Warwick's have been made. The Fetal Treatment Center at the University of California, San Francisco, has connected implantable biotelemetry devices to unborn babies. Other specialists, such as Dr. Roy Bakay of Emory University are ready to install chip-to-brain implants.

Charles Ostman, a senior fellow at the Institute for Global Futures and science

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editor of *Mondo 2000*, believes implanting chips will become a routine process. "Neuroprosthetics are . . . inevitable," he says. "Biochip implants may become part of a rote medical procedure. Interface with outside systems is a logical next step."

Such ideas emerge at a time when the concept of parent licensing (really, "baby licensing"), first promoted by the American Eugenics Society (AES) in the 1930's, is making a comeback. (Following the Nuremberg Trials, the AES changed its name to the "Society for the Study of Social Biology.")

The notion of licensing people to bear children originally was floated by Dr. Franz J. Kallmann, a German psychiatrist and member of the Nazi Party, who argued before Hitler's Ministry of the Interior in 1935 for the sterilization "of the mentally ill." Kallmann relocated to the United States in 1936—probably because he was an ethnic Jew. Once he was safely ensconced at Columbia University, however, Kallmann continued his "psychiatric genetics" work, often extolling his former mentor, Ernst Rüdin, head of Hitler's Racial Hygiene Program.

The American press sang Kallmann's praises for 40 years. In 1964, the *New York Times* ran an admiring story citing his prediction that, unless something were done quickly, the birthrate among schizophrenics would eventually surpass that of the larger society, and the ranks of the mentally ill might soon "overbalance the population." This led to American eugenicist Dr. Kenneth Boulding's proposal to require "market licenses for babies," with an emphasis on screening out parents thought "defective" or "unfit." In November 1975, the renamed AES's flagship publication, *Social Biology*, carried an article by Dr. David M. Heer enlarging upon the "Boulding Proposal." In particular, Heer enumerated methods of "enforcement" for licensing parenthood. Dr. Carl Bajema followed in the Spring issue, calling for a waiver of restrictions for prospective parents who demonstrated "genetic superiority." Bajema even recommended putting to death "unlicensed children who cannot be adopted."

This is not ancient history: This was 1975.

Today, the products of permissive child-rearing make up the largest population of individuals labeled "mentally inferior"—learning disabled, emotionally disturbed, hyperactive, ADHD, etc. People holding politically inconvenient opinions and worldviews, but who have committed no crime, are also frequently saddled with psychiatric labels that suggest "unfitness." Now here come cyber-techies promoting biochip implants and GPS tracking as a part of rote medical procedure.

What does the ID implant have to do with baby licensing? Under a new computerized initiative called the "Program Information Management System" (PIMS), social workers nationwide are encouraging expectant parents to sign a permission form at the hospital that allows agents to go into private homes to provide parenting training—up to 50 visits annually per family. While they are at it, these "experts" also collect medical and psychological information that can be linked to future written observations about family relationships—in effect, tracking each newborn's development (as well as any attitudes) from infancy into their school and college years. But make no mistake: *Their primary mission is to assess parental "fitness."*

When we place the PIMS project alongside such parent-unfriendly projects as Western Psychiatric Institute and Clinic's "Multi-site Multimodal Treatment Study of Children With ADHD," we find some very troubling prospects. With the recent increase in crime among juveniles, computerized dossier-building, and the concurrent war on parents waged by schools and various government programs, we have a recipe for technological abuse. Microchip implants, used to track, monitor, and cross-match information, could greatly enhance political screening in the name of "parental fitness." Even those who feel comfortable with the political and social winds today may not feel so warm and fuzzy tomorrow when they stop to think how fast society's mores and priorities can change in just a few years with the right promotional packages and enough surveys.

Forget, however, about banning ID implants: They are already in the pipeline. In June 1998, the U.S. Department of Energy's Argonne National Laboratory revealed its joint project with Motorola and Packard Instrument Company to commercialize, market, and mass-produce advanced biochips "and related analytical technologies."

All that remains is selling people on the idea:

> How'd you like to avoid waiting in lines for the rest of your life? Breeze through a checkout line like you owned the place? Watch lights snap on, open doors automatically, never have to show an ID, remember a password? You wouldn't have to carry a wallet. Ever. Family and friends could find you if you were sick or unconscious. *Click here!*

B.K. Eakman, a former educator-turned-speechwriter, is executive director of the National Education Consortium and the author of Microchipped: How the Education Establishment Took Us Beyond Big Brother *(Halcyon House) and* Cloning of the American Mind: Eradicating Morality Through Education *(Huntington House).*

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

South of the Border

by V. Groginsky

After decades of outward socio-cultural differences and political animosity, North America's two United States—north and south of the Rio Grande/Rio Bravo—are becoming more socially homogenous than some would care to admit.

Mexico's economic disparity has been the most extreme in all of Latin America, a social stratification described by George Baker as "equivalent to the dimensions of the caste system of India." The turn of the millennium has brought Mexico to the crossroads of change, vacillating between the First and Third Worlds. The North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA) offered the possibility of expanding productivity, manufacturing, and exports. An end to the 71-year political monopoly of the Partido Revolucionario Institucional (institutionalized, but hardly revolutionary) and the overwhelming election of Vicente Fox Quesada to the presidency heralded the possibility of substantive political and socioeconomic change in a country hampered by inefficiency, corruption, nepotism, ineptitude, indifference, and unaccountability.

Whereas the first round of globalism saw the flight of U.S. manufacturing to its southern neighbor (and, with it, the livelihoods of hundreds of thousands of

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Russell Gordon

Alicia Gonzalez enjoys her three-year-old daughter Catalina's fascination with a bubble.

working Americans and the destruction of local and regional economies), Mexico is now experiencing the same flight—to the East. One economist commented that the *maquiladora* (assembly) sector was "all but dead" in Mexico, as an overvalued peso and a lack of sound government economic policy, coupled with security concerns and quality-control problems, drove foreign firms to seek better conditions elsewhere, particularly in China. Mexico has negotiated more free-trade agreements than any other country. NAFTA could have led to a boom in foreign investment in local production and allowed Mexico to use legal and technical loopholes to act as a backdoor to NAFTA markets in the United States and Canada. Yet, rather than seize the opportunities presented by preferential trade status, a unique geographic position as a regional gateway, and the northward flight of Latin American capital from drowning Argentina, Mexico's economy has stalled at the intersection, blocking traffic. In 2002 alone, the foreign business ventures that are downsizing or pulling out include Daimler-Chrysler, Volkswagen, Phillips, and Guess.

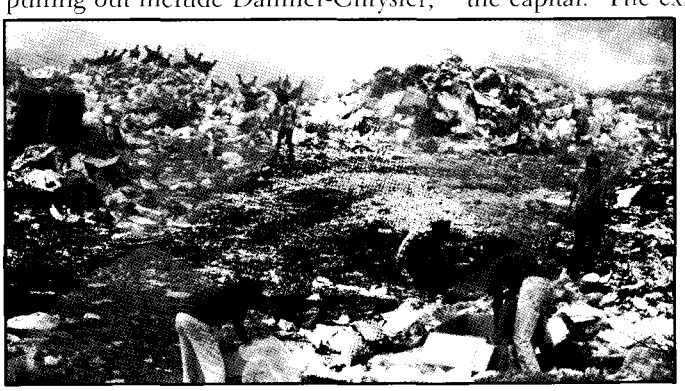
The reasons for Mexico's current dilemma are varied: the effects of global recession, the inheritance and failings of the current administration, and the limitations of multiparty democracy. The overwhelming victory of Vicente Fox was based, in no small part, on his sweeping campaign promises of better government and an improvement in living standards for the poor and the shrinking middle class. "The promise of change by Fox impacted the majority of the populace," commented Ariel Gonzalez Jimenez, a leading political columnist for the newspaper *Milenio* and editor of *Milenio Weekly Magazine*, "but the injustice, impunity and corruption remains exactly as it was before. Mexico is not changing."

The first half of Fox's term yielded few, if any, tangible results across the socioeconomic spectrum. Fox's appointment of (Princeton- and University of Paris-educated) "ex-communist" Jorge G. Castaneda as minister of foreign relations has made Mexico a vassal of the U.S. State Department, after years of neutrality. Some observers believe that Fox's administration would rather throw its lot in with the single global hegemony than manage the complexities and uncertainties of neutrality and independence. After the events of September 11, Castaneda was quoted as saying that "The U.S. has the right to act in revenge in whatever way they feel like"—a comment that quite possibly qualified Mexico as fair game for U.S. adversaries and that led to calls for his resignation across the domestic political spectrum.

A highly visible example of the Fox administration's political floundering is the stalled project to build an international airport in San Salvador Atenco, outside the capital. The existing airport serves the world's largest city with only one functioning runway (the second is kept on permanent reserve for the presidential jetliner). The residents of San Salvador Atenco are overwhelmingly poor *campesinos*. Instead of launching a publicity campaign to explain the potential benefits (particularly jobs) of the new airport to the residents, the government orchestrated a heavy-handed land grab—initially offering one dollar per square meter of land and, after opposition, raising it to a mere seven dollars. No relocation compensation, no alternative housing—nothing. In the resulting violent stand-off, local residents barricaded the zone with commandeered fuel trailers, dug trenches, and battled government security forces with rocks, machetes, and Molotov cocktails (made from looted Coca-Cola bottles, a poignant symbol, since Vicente Fox is a former director of the beverage company). The local rebellion was met with police and military repression, which worsened the violence. "The government couldn't even negotiate with *campesinos*," remarked Gonzalez Jimenez. "Nobody even bothered to explain to the locals the potential benefits that they could derive. This presidency has no political ability, not for dialogue"—not even to construct an airport.

That said, President Fox cannot be held accountable for all of Mexico's current shortcomings. He has faced continuous stonewalling in the Mexican Congress on his economic, political, and social reforms. In addition to partisanship from the PRI and PRD, representatives from Fox's own Partido Accion Nacional have opposed his legislation, exacerbating the "*divid-et-empir*" of his political rivals. Mexico City's populist chief of government, Lopez Obrador of the PRD, rules the world's largest city with such incompetence, myopia, inefficiency, and corruption that his tenure could only be described as Perónistic. Many Mexican public officials and legislators would rather sacrifice the national interest for their own short-term benefit and pass the blame to the opposition.

The case of former president Carlos Salinas Gotari is itself proof of the continuing impunity of power, hidden behind the façade of a multiparty democracy. While Salinas is accused by various sectors of looting state assets, he has never been officially indicted. When asked by a Mexican journalist in the United States what he did with all the money, Salinas evaded the question with Clintonian panache. Foreign Minister Jorge Castaneda—formerly a virulent critic of Salinas—dined with him in Brussels in May, which Castanada first denied and then was forced to admit under scrutiny from the press. Some analysts have concluded that the rendezvous was a scouting probe by the Fox administration to seek a polit-



Russell Gordon

Children of four families pick through garbage at Chiapas' largest trash dump. Sifting through rotting animal carcasses and maggot-infested organic matter, the families scrounge glass, metal, cardboard, paper, and plastic to sell to middlemen—earning enough to survive.

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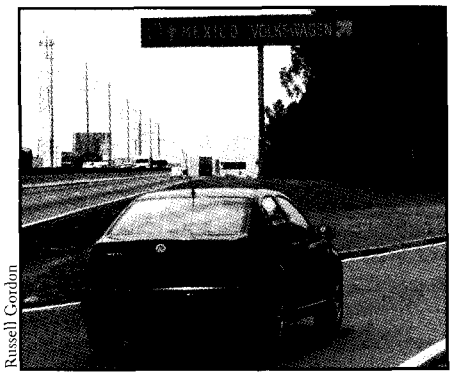

Russell Gordon

Volkswagen is reducing operations in Mexico, while expanding in China. Here, a Volkswagen leaves the highway to Mexico, exiting at the VW plant.

ical alliance with the still-powerful Salinas. The former president comes and goes at will from the nation he robbed, under protection of state bodyguards, with full pension, and, apparently, with little justice to fear.

As happens in the United States of North America (as the United States is known here), changes in administration in Mexico bring changes in social policy, bureaucratic processes, and budgets—but at a *burro*-cratic pace. As Gonzalez Jimenez noted, "before, with the PRI, you paid a bit under the table, and the job got done. Now, the officials make you get down on your knees to beg—and it still doesn't get done." In Harvard's Global Competitiveness Report 2000, Mexico ranked last out of 75 nations for the amount of bureaucratic procedures required to start a small business (ten) and the number of days required to complete the procedures (90). Under the current regime, "*burocracia modernizada*" has gone from inefficiency to paralysis and resulted in a shadow economy.

While the Fox administration has had victories in the regional fight against narcotrafficking (including the arrest and death of leading traffickers from the Tijuana and Juarez cartels), Mexico's human-rights record remains poor. Political executions (perhaps drug related) and a blurred line between police and criminals in kidnapping-for-ransom, armed robbery, and drug trafficking have continued to sully Mexico's image as a stable business environment. Mexico now ranks behind only Colombia in commercially motivated kidnappings worldwide. As President Fox is discovering, ingrained cultural and social attitudes and systems cannot be changed merely by changing executive leadership. A year after Mexico's top human-rights investigator, Digna Ochoa, was found shot to death in her office, law-enforcement investigators are still prominently circulating the hypothesis of suicide—even though she was killed by *two* bullets.

The new millennium has hardly brought an age of enlightenment to U.S. social or foreign policy, either. The last several presidential administrations have been wracked by government and corporate corruption, from the savings-and-loan bailout to Enron, WorldCom, Halliburton, and the eternal War on Terrorism. Big government, united with corporate interests, has slowly eaten away at the inheritance of the nation, converting richness to untenable debt and making a mockery of "American values." Baby boomers often note with indignation that *Made in the USA* is no longer an assurance of quality; "customer service" has become infuriatingly automated and unaccountable; and corporate loyalty—in both directions—no longer exists. Does this sound a bit like Mexico? At least in Mexico, the family is still paramount, and quality of life holds precedence over macroeconomic indicators. In Mexico, people work to live, not *vice versa*. In the United States, family and community take a backseat to corporate expedience. No wonder the social fabric is as fragile as a mummy's bandages.

The much-polarized debate over U.S. immigration policy—specifically, Mexican immigration, legal and illegal—has raised questions concerning the definition of American society, its cultural make-up, and its moral responsibility to protect its citizens and resources. Unfortunately, the polarity of the debate has left policy at a virtual standstill.

Uncontrolled immigration is a serious problem for the United States; Mexicans may not be. The Mexican migrant workforce makes a significant contribution to the economy of America, and the benefits to Mexico in both economic and cultural terms cannot be overestimated. Leading strategic analyst Ben Works has raised the issue of the socioeconomic benefits to both Mexico and the United States of normalizing immigration procedures, and he believes that U.S. involvement in regional economic and social development could actually increase U.S. security:

> Under the present system, illegal immigrant workers infiltrate the US and take the bottom-rung jobs that citizens disdain . . . we get motivated people, the risk-takers who will bust their guts at our least-desired jobs, in order to build a future for themselves, to build families and to help the folks back home. And they are social conservatives, rooted in religion, family ties, and tradition. And it is time to formalize those functions. . . . a "guest worker" status will spread prosperity and order. . . . I suspect that if we frame development . . . and controlled immigration as a simultaneous equation, [some] will be more disposed to consider a reasoned view of developing our backyard.

Russell Gordon

The Virgin of Guadalupe is the patron saint of Mexico. In Chiapas on December 12, millions of pilgrims come from hundreds of miles, many carrying icons, riding bicycles, and even arriving on their knees.

Regularizing immigration policy—not necessarily by "legalizing" undocumented immigrants, but by standardizing the procedure to regulate, control, and tax—would eliminate the expenditure of a hermetically sealed border; stop the human suffering, exploitation, and deaths of undocumented immigrants; add to the economies and cultural strengths of both nations; and, ultimately, bolster U.S. national security. Whether corporate and governmental America chooses to follow Mexico's example in preserving the cultural richness and family values that sustain a society, or whether American society will continue to be eroded by its own failings and slide further toward the Third World, remains to be seen. No one, however, can say that we haven't been forewarned. And we will not be able to blame our problems on the Mexicans.

V. Groginsky is an American working in Mexico.

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MUSIC

Music for Southern Independence

Tim Manning, Jr.

For the Past, the Future, the Truth
by Basic Gray
Panama City, Florida: Larry Smith and Nat Rudulph; 47 min., $15.00

Confederate Spirit: The Great Songs of a Proud South
Produced by Pat Baughman and Pat Patrick
Nashville, Tennessee: Pearl Trax Studios; 56 min., $15.00

The Gray Ghosts of Heaven: A Musical Tribute to the War for Southern Independence (Past-Present-Future)
by Robert Lloyd
Fort Myers, Florida: New World Enterprises; 48 min., $15.00

Every form of original American music in the 20th century began in the South: bluegrass, country, western, jazz, blues, rockabilly, and rock 'n' roll. Even rap, pop, and heavy metal have been successful because they, in some way, use or imitate a Southern musical element. These styles, if they can be called that, started out as small clusters of unknown musicians who managed to create their own subcultures in which they could market their talents.

Most alternative musicians never see success. One style, however, that has risen in popularity over the last 15 years is "neo-Confederate" music. Hundreds of musicians tour the South playing nothing but Confederate War songs—in music shops, country stores, pickin' parlors, barns (for dances), recital halls, civic centers, schools, historical and political ceremonies, living-history events, and war reenactments. Some of them even find themselves on NPR, C-SPAN, or in documentaries.

Some of this success can be credited to the boom of popular history; strictly historical music, however, cannot go on forever. At some point, something new must emerge—something that tells a story that people recognize as reflecting their own experience in their own time—which, nonetheless includes a response to the popular outcry for a knowledge of our history and its virtues. A few performers, such as the Rebelaires and Stan Clardy, have been writing their own songs about the modern-day experience of Southern patriots. Unabashedly pro-Confederate, they still never move beyond grieving over what Southerners have come to know as "heritage violations"—blatant attacks of the p.c. police on anything with a Southern symbol.

A new genre of Southern music has surfaced that can only be described as music for Southern independence. Not focusing solely on Southern symbols, this genre portrays every aspect of Southern life as positive and stresses the need for letting go of the rest of America—culturally, economically and politically. These are serious themes, but there are few better guides than experience. And music is one of the purest ways to share an experience.

When I was little, my family had regular get-togethers in Greenville, North Carolina. My granddad and his five brothers would bring their guitars, mandolins, harmonicas, Jew's harps, autoharps, fiddles, and banjos (or "banjers" as they called them). One of them would say, "Hey Joe, what key are we playin' in?" The reply: "whis-key." And without looking up or speaking a word, they would play into the early morning. Well into her 90's, my great-grandmother would hold up her dress and dance a jig that had likely not changed since it came over from the British Isles centuries before.

Such is the world that Larry Smith and Nat Rudulph's music will remind you of—the world of the English ballad. Those familiar with Old Time music know that a good Old Time song is not sung: It is spoken. Pre-bluegrass Southern vocals are nearly monotone. It wasn't until Bill Monroe that Southerners started thinking of singing as being a performance. Singing was simply a way of remembering a good story and enjoying its memory to the lively sound of good picking. Understanding the helpful effect that this has on listeners trying to grasp a complex story, Smith and Rudulph choose their stories wisely.

The opening track on their album, titled "Something That Lasts," is a Southern musical adaptation of T.S. Eliot's permanent things. Another track is simply called "Permanent Things." "Our Fathers' Fields" is an anthem for kith and kin, honor and land, based on the book of the same title by *Chronicles* contributor James Kibler.

I've sung "Cracker's Last Stand" for two different parts of my family; they all immediately wanted to know how they could get the CD. Larry Smith will be the first to tell you that he's a cracker, of the pure, original central Florida variety. He intones: "Then Mickey and the Yankees came, / and that place will never be the same." In the chorus: "We salute Jeff Davis every July 4th, / we don't give a damn how they do it up north." The final verse:

> Yes I'm unreconstructed and I ain't never gonna forget
> And if the Yankees don't like it, well they ain't seen nothin' yet
> 'Cause Johnny Rebel's gonna rise again, and this time he's gonna win
> So don't mess with a Southern Man at Cracker's Last Stand

Nat Rudulph's track "Southern Man" is unadulterated Southern nationalism. Not far behind that is "When the South Has Risen Again," which Larry Smith says was inspired by a speech *Chronicles* contributing editor Clyde Wilson gave entitled "After Independence." Every song focuses on a particular experience or thought that you would expect to hear only from the most ardent of today's Southern conservatives.

The themes covered are impressive: political corruption, September 11, globalism and U.S. foreign policy, institutional failure, moral degeneracy, the sinful nature of man, and the meaning of the Confederate flag. While some have labeled Basic Gray's music as "alternative folk," it hardly embodies the typical whining that dominates the American folk music world. Their only other album, after all, was Larry Smith's *Politically Incorrect*.

Pat Baughman's and Pat Patrick's album breaks new ground as well. The first half consists of the best Confederate war songs: "Dixie," "The Bonnie Blue Flag," "The Dissolution Wagon." Between Tennessee Ernie Ford and, more recently, the success of Bobby Horton, many Southerners recognize these songs immediately. What is new, however, is the gusto with which Baughman's and Patrick's crew performs them. These vocals are exactly what you would expect to hear from the most warlike and virile group of Southernized Scots. (The album ends,

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by the way, with a "Confederate Piper Medley," by the New York Southern patriot George Forsythe.)

Then comes the original material. The professional Nashville production and Patrick's experience working with Disney unfold into the most stirring musical appeal ever made by Southern nationalists to their millions of fellow Southerners who sit idly by watching Faith Hill on Country Music Television.

"Mama's Tears" is a perfect example of a great, modern country-music song that will never be seen on CMT because of its politically incorrect content. It's sung by a very attractive young Southern girl who has true vocal talent, but its main message is that "The North will never know the pain their soldiers caused."

Continuing on that theme, another song states:

> Reconstruction is a Yankee word
> for war on families.
> With sword in hand I'd rather die if
> my children could be free.
> Scalawags and carpetbaggers are
> takin' land that's ours,
> But they won't keep it long before
> we skin those worthless cowards.

To me, the most memorable verse on the album is from "Southern Anthem":

> We are a nation by God's own hand.
> We are the people of the Southland.
> Freedom forever! A new South will
> rise.
> We'll live together under free
> Southern skies!

Though shut out of the mainstream media, the "Anthem" has quickly become a popular rallying song at meetings of many Southern heritage organizations.

Robert Lloyd's album is another well-made record that has been ignored officially because it portrays the South as a positive and separate alternative to the hegemonic United States. Performed in a popular country-pop style (Lloyd's voice slightly resembles Elvis Presley's) his album contains all original songs that mostly tell the Southern side of Confederate was stories.

One of Lloyd's songs is a startling rap attack on General Sherman. Lloyd prays that God will forgive him for hoping all those pretty blue soldiers will die. He tells schoolchildren to "spit 'em the eye" and to tell them to "go back to Mr. Lincoln" and "back up North . . . where they all oughtta stay."

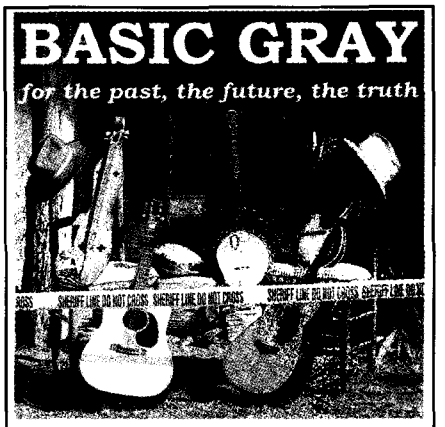
Five of Lloyd's songs are set in contemporary America. The most controversial is written by Jim Kibler:

> With hands, minds and spirits
> we've banded in time,
> With talent and treasure our fortunes entwined.
> We honor our friendships, our
> word is our bond,
> The cause is our future, a nation, a
> land.

Another song, written by Jack Kershaw of Tennessee, is about the spirit of Bedford Forrest returning to win the ultimate Southern victory.

Last April, I went to the Newberry Opera House, an upscale facility in South Carolina, to see Battlefield Band, perhaps the most significant band in the Scottish independence movement. I mentioned to Alan Reid, its lead member, that there were many in the South who hoped for their states' independence. (Newspapers tell us that 17 percent of South Carolinians and 18 percent of Georgians answer "yes" in polls on secession.) Reid's response was, "Sounds contentious." I noted that, not long ago, the same was said of the Scottish independence movement, and he immediately saw the Southern connection.

No independence movement can be successful unless it has a strong cultural base. Architecture, language, food, dress, and dance are all part of this. The South has all of these, especially music. These CDs will not enjoy distribution by major record labels and will not receive Grammy nominations or accolades from the Academy of Country Music; they are, however, a critical benchmark in the rise of a movement larger than just a few marginalized organizations. Dozens of rural Southern radio stations play these songs,



CD of fourteen original songs by Larry Smith and Nat Rudulph. One reviewer stated: "Infectious melodies . . . songs to live with, to have fun with . . . dismisses villains in a humorous way. An eclectic mix of high-lonesome bluegrass and country blues, with a wee borrowing from Scottish/Irish melody, and maybe even a touch of Van Morrison." Only $16.85 check or money order (includes shipping) to **BASIC GRAY, P O BOX 1875 PANAMA CITY, FL 32402**

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and anyone in the world can now listen to them via the new internet radio station WDXB (*www.DixieBroadcasting.com*).

As Ward Allen notes, the Greeks, when referring to place, used an adverb that means "backward." When referring to time, the same word designates "*hereafter*, since the future is unseen or *behind* us, whereas *the past* is known and *before* our eyes." We Southerners, more than any other Americans, know our past. Perhaps, then, our future may be the most unpredictable of all.

Tim Manning, Jr., a graduate student in history at the University of South Carolina, is vice president of www.ncheritage.net.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

Dr. Pangloss on Taxation

by David Hartman

The IRS and the federal tax code have enabled the blessings of government on a scale never envisioned by the Founding Fathers. Consider the vital contributions to the current status of the federal government and its future prospects for growth made possible by the tax code, generally, and progressive taxation, in particular.

First, the incredible growth of the federal government over the course of the 20th century would not have been possible without the bountiful confiscations of all-encompassing, progressive income taxation.

Before the 16th Amendment was ratified in 1913, social activists and internationalists had the "yen, but not the ken." Income taxation was the necessary breakthrough. Expenditures of the federal government grew from 3.6 to 25.6 percent of national income over the course of the 20th century. By the end of the century, income taxes provided 80 percent of federal revenues. Those who love government should revere our all-encompassing system of income taxation.

Second, the federal tax code was designed to promote "social justice" by redistributing income through progressive taxation of incomes and inheritances of the wealthy to reduce the burden of the poor.

In practice, the redistribution of incomes from progressive taxation over the past 40 years has failed to materialize; as the share of income taxes on the top ten percent of incomes has risen 15 percent, the after-tax income share of the remaining 90 percent has *declined* 13 percent, leaving those less wealthy relatively worse off. However, "social justice" has been achieved to the extent that its advocates in the media, government, and academia now enjoy the power and privilege they have wrested from the wealthy.

Third, the transition from a simplistic family-based and locally controlled America to a modern individualistic and centralized welfare state was principally enabled by the revenues of income taxation and was assisted by incentives and disincentives written into the tax code.

As the New Deal and, later, the Great Society unfolded, Americans were told that they were fighting a "War on Poverty." In reality, the social engineers were transforming America into a modern social democracy, liberating women from the "bondage of marriage," confirming government as the "true parent of the child," and relieving families of responsibility for the aged. Taxation and the redistribution of its proceeds provided incentives for unwed motherhood, penalized marriage, and made the aged wards of the state. Marriage rates and births within marriage plummeted, while divorce rates and unwed motherhood soared, as did the cost of institutional care for the aged. The "modernization" of American society was boldly advanced by these innovations and by the income taxation that supported them.

Fourth, the IRS has proved to be a far more philanthropic supporter of foreign economic development than the Marshall Plan, in the form of relative tax subsidies to imports.

The border-adjustable value-added taxes employed by America's principal trade competitors function as *de facto* tariffs on imports from the United States and provide subsidies for our competitors' exports to us. Territorial taxation favors the relocation of corporate headquarters abroad. This has resulted in an alarming decline in U.S.-based manufacturing, the rising acquisition of U.S. enterprises by overseas competitors, and a trade deficit that has transformed the United States from the world's largest creditor to the world's largest debtor. But global citizens can take comfort in the prosperity that the American brood sow is transferring to the foreign piglets it suckles. And those who govern, live off government, or direct the service sector can enjoy low-cost imports and cheap services provided by displaced workers—until the credit runs out.

Fifth, Americans have been liberated from their Protestant ethic of frugal saving to enjoy profligate consumption by the disincentives of multilayered, progressive taxation of savings and investment.

High marginal tax rates discourage savings and investment and encourage Americans to "eat, drink, and be merry," in contrast to the relative frugality of earlier generations. However, foreigners are eager to save and invest in the facilities necessary to export to the United States, and to reinvest their trade surpluses in our assets and the debt instruments by which we buy now to pay later. History has been reversed; we now sell Manhattan Island in order to buy trinkets, and we hope that there will be no consequences.

Sixth, the IRS has made important "beachheads" for government in superceding the rule of law, by evading due process; by inequality before tax laws; by invasion of privacy; and by making laws and regulations sufficiently complex so that compliance is rendered arbitrary and enforcement, selective.

Legal tactics employed by the IRS—such as the assumption that taxpayers are guilty until proven innocent, requiring the accused to testify against themselves, and *ex post facto* levies—open new horizons to the enhancement of the powers of government. Arbitrary enforcement and selective levies and abatements further augment government's powers over submissive taxpayers. The sheer bulk of IRS laws and regulations make compliance nearly impossible.

Finally, would-be "tax reformers" should properly be seen as dangerous reactionaries, who would uproot the arbors that have yielded the fruits of social democracy and the promise of a New World Order. Instead, they seek the return of America to the primativision of limited government, individual rights and responsibility, and locally controlled, family-based society, where free markets allocate the rewards of productivity to the detriment of social justice.

These radicals should be shunned as the enemies of the tax code, which provide the shackles that condition us to be cooperative subjects rather than unruly citizens and bind us together as a progressive, postmodern society, prepared for the New World Order.

David Hartman, a recently retired banker, is the chairman of the board of directors of The Rockford Institute.

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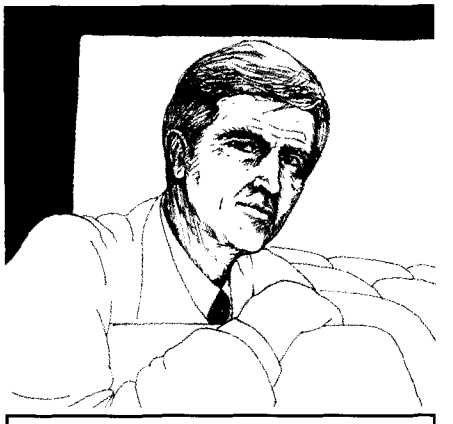
by George McCartney

Signs and Wonders



Signs

Produced by Blinding Edge and Touchstone Pictures
Written and Directed by M. Night Shyamalan
Distributed by Buena Vista Pictures

In his third commercial feature, *Signs*, M. Night Shyamalan seems to be delivering a belated riposte to those who lorded over his Indian ancestors. His movie concerns an invasion by extraterrestrials who have imperial designs on Earth. As the tension builds, Shyamalan has one of his protagonists remark that "It's just like H.G. Wells' *War of the Worlds*." The comparison is apt, but only to a point. It would be more accurate to say that Shyamalan has created a revisionist adaptation of Wells' story. While the novel and the film clearly share the same premise—superior beings come to Earth bug-eyed for our resources—their subtexts could not diverge more. Wells wanted to shake his readers from their theological lethargy. His novel rudely upends the warm, responsive cosmos in which his contemporaries cosseted themselves, as if it were an extension of their overstuffed Victorian parlors. Wells confronts them with a cold, indifferent universe inhabited by merciless beings who have no compunction about wiping out their intellectual inferiors. Then, with a Darwinian fillip, his narrator allows the invaders some slack. They should not be judged too harshly. After all, they are doing little worse than what the Brits themselves had done around the globe. Wells enjoyed discomfiting his pious countrymen, especially the astronomically challenged. God was not in His Heaven, he wanted them to understand, nor was much right with the world. Not only this, but the sun had more to do than serve their empire as a 24/7 lighting utility.

Now, a century later, Shyamalan means to contradict Wells' tale. As in his other films, he is determined to restore divinity to our secularized empyrean.

On paper, his screenplay must have seemed a delightful rebuke of Wells' smug atheism, especially given Shyamalan's ancestry. What could be more satisfying than the spectacle of a native boy correcting the enlightened sahib? Sadly, Shyamalan fails to bring off this multicultural jujitsu. Like Wells, he is working in allegory; unlike sci-fi's *paterfamilias*, however, he does not trust his tale to stand on its own. He cannot resist telegraphing his intentions at every turn. The result is an awkward blend of the fancifully figurative and the flat-footedly literal.

The film begins with a close-up of Graham Hess (Mel Gibson), a Pennsylvania corn farmer, sleeping in his bed. Suddenly, he's awakened by screams almost too faint to hear. His blue eyes pop open, and he stares at us roundly for a moment before jumping from bed and rushing into his cornfield with his younger brother, Merrill (Joaquin Phoenix), at his heels. The men's near-hysterical urgency is puzzling until we see what they are after. Graham's two children, five-year-old Bo (Abigail Breslin) and ten-year-old Morgan (Rory Culkin) are lost in the maze of seven-foot green stalks. When the men come upon them, Bo asks her father, "Are you having a nightmare, too?" More sensitive to these kinds of things, the kids and the farm animals have been spooked by the as-yet unseen aliens in their midst. But Bo's question points to a different kind of spooking as well. Graham has a very real waking nightmare to deal with. His wife has recently died in a freak automobile accident. In the aftermath of this trauma, he has lost his faith. Unable to sustain belief in a God who permits such calamities, he feels compelled to resign his position as the community's pastor. (He must have missed those seminary classes on the problem of evil.)

Graham's personal nightmare is about to connect with something much larger. As he and his family walk through the cornstalks, they discover huge, perfectly shaped circles that someone or something has made by flattening selected portions of the field. Each circle is 50 or more yards in diameter and is reminiscent of the crop circles regularly featured in those avant-garde supermarket tabloids. Who could doubt their extraterrestrial purpose?

In no time at all, things are going bump in the night, leaving the townspeople wiggy with fear. When CNN starts reporting strange lights appearing over the world's major cities, the Hesses are primed for the worst. Interestingly, the first large-scale sightings occur over Bangalore, India's capital of software development, where more and more American and European companies are setting up their back-office operations: inventory, accounting, payroll, etc. Could Shyamalan be giving us another kind of sign? At any rate, back in Bucks County, it's Martian time. A local Army recruiter, eyes wild with anticipation, talks about "probing." The critters (still unseen) are conducting standard military reconnaissance, he reasons. It's what we would do before sending in our forces. A girl at the local pharmacy begs a reluctant Graham to hear her confession: She doesn't want to be zapped before making amends.

Strangely, Graham and Merrill decide to stay in their farmhouse, despite having already encountered what was, undoubtedly, one of the invaders scurrying across their roof. They sit nervously on their sofa, watching the interplanetary crisis unfold on television. As they do, they discuss—what else?—eschatology. Merrill asks, "Do you think it could be the end of the world?" His brother answers with a flat, uninflected "Yes." Disturbed by his curtness, Merrill presses him on what that might mean, theologically speaking. In response, Graham gives a comfortless sermon, much in the Wellsian spirit. He explains that the world contains two kinds of people: those who believe in Providence and those who don't. Take winning at a casino, for instance. One person will believe this means some force—God, luck, fate, whatever—has intervened on his behalf. Another will be content to chalk up his winnings to noth-

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ing more mysterious than chance. Then, taking an example painfully closer to home, he tells Merrill of his wife's last words: "see" and "swing away." What do they signify? Nothing. They were, he concludes, the result of a few stray electrical impulses firing in the neurons of her dying brain, triggering random memories from the past.

Or were they? There hangs Shyamalan's allegorical tale and also the problem with his film.

In our era, we expect allegories to have a seamless surface, a cover story that stands convincingly and gracefully on its own. The visible plot is the outward sign of the thematic interior. The strategy is to let the double story percolate within our minds so that its meanings will surface after we close the book or leave the theater. Shyamalan is too impatient for this. He cannot resist making everything explicit. In doing so, he creates a muddle. At key moments in the tale of the Hesses' struggle to defend themselves against the aliens, the film cuts to discussions concerning the injustice of loss, the nature of evil, and the meaning of life. In the clumsiest manner imaginable, Shyamalan calls attention to his double plot, all but openly acknowledging that the aliens are merely a metaphor signifying the sudden, unpredictable descent of evil into our lives. This may explain why the creatures barely register on the screen. We catch a grainy glimpse of a seven-foot tall, olive-green humanoid on a news report; another passes a television set and is reflected in its screen; later, some bony fingers poke from under a locked door. As for their mode of transport, Shyamalan makes do with clusters of lights in the night skies over Bangalore and Mexico City. Perhaps this reticence is one more sign: Let the fiction take a backseat to the metaphysical essentials. Question: If the tale doesn't matter, why tell it?

Shyamalan almost makes you sympathize with that old vulgarian, Samuel Goldwyn, who famously remarked, "Pictures are for entertainment, messages should be delivered by Western Union."

Signs may be a failure, but it's not an insignificant film. Shyamalan remains a director of unusual ambition; even when he stumbles, he is worth watching. He's a young man who wants to reinvent commercial film, and he may have the art to do so. He understands how the medium affects its audience, how subtle montages, vivid compositions, apt color choices, and strategic lighting can move us to fear and trembling one moment and to wry laughter the next. Watch the scene in which Gibson approaches a door behind which lurks one of the aliens: It's a lesson in how to build suspense. Shyamalan sets his camera ever-so-slightly off-kilter and shoots Gibson crawling on hands and knees in the bottom third of the frame. With a shadowy kitchen looming above him and the floor seemingly slipping away from under him, he hesitantly creeps toward a flickering bar of light beneath the closed door. The composition visually and viscerally renders what it means to be unnerved, while the sequence slowly, almost unendurably, builds to its climax without a special effect in sight.

Shyamalan must learn how to harness his manifest cinematic gifts to narratives that walk on their own legs. He managed to succeed in *The Sixth Sense* despite several plot lapses. His second feature, *Unbreakable*, however, showed the same strains as *Signs*: Credibility was sacrificed to the big message. Shyamalan shares Merrill's failing, and he probably knows it. Merrill, we learn, had once been a promising minor-league baseball player. He consistently broke home-run records; he also broke strike-out records. He swung at every pitch for all he was worth. When asked why, he shrugs and says, "It felt wrong not to swing." That's Shyamalan. He swings for the metaphysical bleachers each time at bat. He's so anxious to score that he fails to see the game as a whole and too often fans the air when a base hit would do. Take two small instances. In order to remind us how the seemingly domesticated world can turn treacherous in a moment, Shyamalan has one of the Hesses' trusted German shepherds suddenly attack the children without provocation. We don't see the assault, only its aftermath. The dog lies dead on the ground as Morgan weeps over its limp carcass. When his father comes upon this scene, the boy explains that the animal was about to attack his sister. He had no choice but to kill it with a handy barbecue fork. Think about that for a moment: a ten-year-old impaling a full-grown German shepherd with a meat fork? Without a scratch or a bite to show for the contest? Hasn't Shyamalan ever seen a cornered animal? Perhaps not. He seems equally unfamiliar with rural life. When the Hesses find themselves under siege, they board up their windows and doors. Then, with no other means of defense, they wait for what seems inevitable. But this is a large farm in the middle of nowhere. Wouldn't there be a rifle or a shotgun to ward off varmints? If not, what about scythes, knives, axes, or sledgehammers? I'm ready to believe in just about anything for the sake of a story, but lapses like these make it all but impossible to suspend disbelief. If you want your audience to accept a fantastic premise, you must get the small matters right.

Shyamalan should study Don Siegel's 1956 film, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. It's a casebook study of how to use allegory on screen. With the smallest of budgets, pitiful special effects, and a scant 80 minutes, Siegel convinces us we're watching vegetable-based life-forms from interstellar space take over the earth. Siegel and Jack Finney (author of *The Body Snatchers*, on which the film is based) never once let on that they were spinning an allegory of communist subversion, and the film was all the more effective for their silence. It certainly scared the bejesus out of my 14-year-old self. Just as importantly, it lodged itself permanently in my imagination so that, when I was ready, Siegel's and Finney's political agenda came across loud and clear. ©

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by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

The Geology of Time

Atop the final ridge rising to the south rim, Tom Hart stopped the truck and sat behind the wheel, gazing over into the meandering trench stretching from west to east and across it to the line of blue mountains over 40 miles away. It had been his first sight of the canyon when his family moved down there from Roosevelt 46 years before, when he was five-and-a-half years old, and Tom wanted very much to see it now precisely as he remembered seeing it then. Again it was mid-afternoon of a day in mid-June, the sun tracking far north on its unhurried descent to the horizon, its long rays slanting between the thunderheads toward the dark pinyon-juniper forest surmounting the cream-colored caprock. Again the white dust beyond the green cattleguard was blinding to his eyes; again the road ahead plunged steeply down through sagebrush, wound a turn or two above the dry wash, and lost itself in time and memory behind an intervening gravel cliff. Even the road sign immediately beyond the guard was as he remembered it, excepting only the newer bullet holes perforating the black arrow-squiggle on a faded yellow background and the warning notice, STEEP DESCENT NEXT SIX MILES.

At the first of the big benches, the wooden government sign indicating the two-track over to Sand Wash on the Green River, though splintered and faded, remained intact after five years. A couple of miles down, above the start of the redwall, the old 40's delivery truck that had lain on its top in the wash for half a century looked as if it had had some parts stripped from it, but the shell had barely deteriorated in the dry desert air. The road through the redwall hadn't eroded much in the hairpins on account of a three-year drought, though lack of moisture left the grassy rock terraces gray and dead-looking, as in November. And then the canyon widened suddenly, the mouth yawned ahead and opened out into the tender, green valley shaded by riverine cottonwoods verdant against the livid slickrock wall, and upstream the focused glare of the sun burning a hole through the tin roof drew his eye as it pushed away from a dry storm cloud. Even before he reached the gate, Julia had come out of the house and was standing on the turnaround with her latest child on her arm to wave him home.

Tom got out of the truck and kissed his sister around the baby. She looked thicker in the waist, though fit and strong as ever, and the gray in her reddish-gold hair had worked past the temples into the mane. Though, at 42, Julia remained a very goodlooking woman, still he supposed this newest kid of hers was going to have to be the last.

"You haven't changed much, if any, in five years," she said.

"You haven't changed, either."

"This is your new nephew, Bill," Julia said, holding the baby forward. "Bill, this is your long-lost Uncle Tom, the retired Marine captain from Okinawa."

Tom took hold of a fat finger and shook it.

"Pleased to meet you, Bill."

Bill stared back at him, bug-eyed and solemn.

"I was really expecting you earlier, in time for dinner. From Salt Lake over here isn't that far. Did you stop in town to see Mother and Dad, after all?"

"Nope. I didn't. Decided I'd pay a visit on the way out, instead."

"They haven't been doing all that well in the past year—Dad especially. This is the first they've spent even part of the summer in town. There isn't all the time in the world left for them, Tom. You seem to imagine they'll still be around twenty-five years from now."

He reached the heavy suitcase from behind the cab and swung it clear of the bed with one hand. "I guess I do think of them still as being stuck somewhere in their fifties," he agreed.

"Actually," Julia said, "they're about thirty years older than that. I'm putting you in their room, by the way. It's the only spare bedroom we have these days."

The children came running from the creek to welcome Uncle Tom. After five years, he didn't recognize any of his nephews and nieces except the oldest boy, Todd, and discovered he was hard put even to remember names. In the bedroom, he dropped the suitcase on the bed and unpacked it. Hanging his clothes away in the closet, he recalled for the first time in years a girl he'd dated in his 20's who had insisted on making love in her parents' bed when they were away. He lay down for a nap with the .45 semi-automatic under his pillow and awoke an hour later when his brother-in-law drove the tractor onto the turnaround and came inside the house for supper. He'd liked Roy Hunzie from the time they'd played together on the Roosevelt football team, and still liked him: a tall, balding man with brown Mittel-European eyes and straight, yellow teeth showing in a wide and easy smile.

After supper, the adults sat out on the porch with a bottle of whiskey and three glasses while the children finished their chores around the barns and Roy's Black Angus herd chewed the cud in the meadow beside the creek. The redwall was shadowed now, but the caprock far above glowed yellow against the cutout strip of ultraviolet sky evenly divided by the contrail of a passing jet. The mosquitoes came out of the grass, and overhead the bullbats dived after them and pulled up suddenly with a hard popping sound.

"It's amazing," Tom said. "This place changes hardly at all, from one year to the next. Does it?"

"I don't know about that," Roy told him. "There's plenty gas development going on downstream, including an evaporation pit above the creek and a new compressor station on the south rim above Cottonwood Canyon. I can take you out and show you around some tomorrow, if you're interested."

"It's changed since we were kids," Julia agreed. "Not nearly as much as *we've* changed, of course."

"There's always been energy development down here, since the Fifties anyway," Tom protested. "And I don't know about you guys, but *I* feel young as I ever

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did. Maybe it's because I've spent my whole adult life in the Marine Corps. Nothing every changes in the military, you know."

"It's because you don't have children," his sister told him. "People who've never had children don't understand the passage of time. And the reason they don't understand is because they aren't made to *feel* it, the way parents are."

"It's a different story when you get up the side canyons, between the creek and the plateau," Roy said. "We'll be riding in Skeleton Canyon tomorrow, after those stragglers I was telling you about. You talk about something not changing, those lateral canyons is it."

In the morning, they saddled three horses and loaded them into the stock trailer, and then the two men, accompanied by the boy Todd, drove downstream six miles, past the boulder the size of a house with the pair of weathered cowboy boots protruding toes-up from under it someone had placed there 20 years before. At the mouth of Skeleton Canyon, Roy pulled off the dirt road and continued a hundred yards up a gravel wash. While the men finished the coffee in the thermos, Todd dropped the ramp at the back of the trailer and led the horses out.

Tom pointed to the yellow oil slickers rolled tightly behind the cantles and tied into the saddle strings.

"Feeling optimistic this morning, are we?"

"Sure." Roy grinned. "Folks without hope don't get into the ranching business. Or, if they do, they sure as heck don't stay in it."

They rode all day after stragglers, ascending by the boulder-strewn, steep-sided trunk to the top of the redwall where they split up to search the branch canyons draining the overriding plateau. A few springs ran with a trickle of water still, and around these the horsebackers found the trampling tracks of cattle imposed upon the delicate prints of deer, mice, and birds. They flushed seven animals, all of them heifers and young steers, from the brush and rocks and hazed them back down-canyon in a traveling cloud of thin, pale dust that thickened as they went until the riders were compelled to draw their bandanna neckerchiefs over their mouths and noses. When, toward mid-afternoon, thunder rolled between the high slickrock walls, the Hunzies rode forward with their heads down, never taking their eyes off the beeves. Tom Hart, glancing overhead, marked only the dry storm cloud darkening the canyon below, but what he saw was something else: five horsebackers—three men, a woman, and a boy (himself)—riding like demons through sheets of rain across a sagebrush flat beneath rain-washed walls of rock, the tails of their yellow slickers spreading behind them as the horses dodged among boulders after the panicked cows. Less than a mile farther on, the beeves began to balk, next to mill, finally to turn and break in panic—before, rounding a bend in the wash, the riders came on a bear astraddle a calf it had just killed. It was a brown bear, a yearling only recently separated from its mother, and Tom perceived in its small, close-set eyes the very human predicament of whether to stand its ground or run before Roy drew his lever-action .30-06 from the saddle scabbard and shot it three times in the chest.

"That's the third to my knowledge's been sighted down here since early May. They say the drought's brought even the lions to the creek. We won't bother reporting this to the warden in Roosevelt; it would just confuse him. He's some kind of a rancher, himself."

The afternoon before he returned to Salt Lake City, Julia left the baby in care of the eldest niece while Tom Hart went climbing with his sister in Indian Canyon to revisit the cliff village they had played around as children. The place was among the many Fremont Indian ruins, dating from the tenth or 11th century and abandoned 700 years ago, scattered throughout the canyon system. Thirty feet above the floor of the side canyon, a shallow cave, carved by wind and water in the redwall formation and vertically streaked with the black desert varnish, sheltered three granaries and several roofless houses constructed of flat, thin fragments of unmortared sandstone. Bats' nests clung to the ceiling and in the corners of the cave, and clots of guano adhered to the rock. Below the dwellings, at a little above eye level for a modern Euro-American standing in the eroding creek bottom, an arrangement of petroglyphs depicting hunters armed with bows hunting herds of deer and mountain sheep, human figures like inverted triangles with round heads and outsized hands, owlish birds, and humanoid figures wearing what appeared to be space helmets was spread across a rock panel, patiently tapped into the pale slickrock underlying the varnish by ghostly small hands.

"Remember how we used to scare each other thinking about those spacemen?" Julia asked. "You wouldn't guess these glyphs were hundreds of years old, would you? They look like they were made only last week. Except that you and I have been coming here for almost forty years, now."

There was no way up to the village from the creek, or, if there was, they'd never found it. Possibly, the inhabitants had climbed down by rope ladders from the rock ledge ten or 12 feet above, where the pinyon-juniper forest grew to the edge of the cliff.

They pushed on up the creek, its dry bed crazed and parched from drought, searching for the pool beneath the high overhang where, in June of a wet year long ago, the clear, purling water rose to the armpits of a 12-year-old boy. What once had been a living stream was now a litter of uprooted bushes and trees, rolled boulders, and sandy berms thrown up by flashfloods and forgotten springtime freshets. In one place, the debris was so thick and tangled that they were forced to scramble up the undercut bank and detour round through thick greasewood before returning to the creek again. The canyon, completely rearranged by floods, washouts, and rockslides, seemed to Tom less and less familiar until he became disoriented, and finally distressed. They should have reached the basin way before now; it couldn't be this far upstream from the cliff dwelling. But how could they have missed the overhang of rock, he wondered?

"Where in the hell did our wading pool get to?" he asked Julia.

His sister reached behind herself for the water bottle in the day pack hanging between her shoulderblades.

"You know what?" she said. "I think it was back there under those dead, piled-up trees. You know—where we had to climb the bank to go around. That's why we didn't notice the rock sticking out overhead."

Tom Hart sat down on a polished boulder and let his hands hang between his knees. If this primeval inscrutable place—*his* canyon—could be altered so entirely in just a handful of years, then he himself must have changed even more—how much more he couldn't bear to think. *All right*, Tom conceded silently to no one in particular. *I give up.*

"Pass me that bottle, will you?" he said aloud. "I think I'm in need of a drink."

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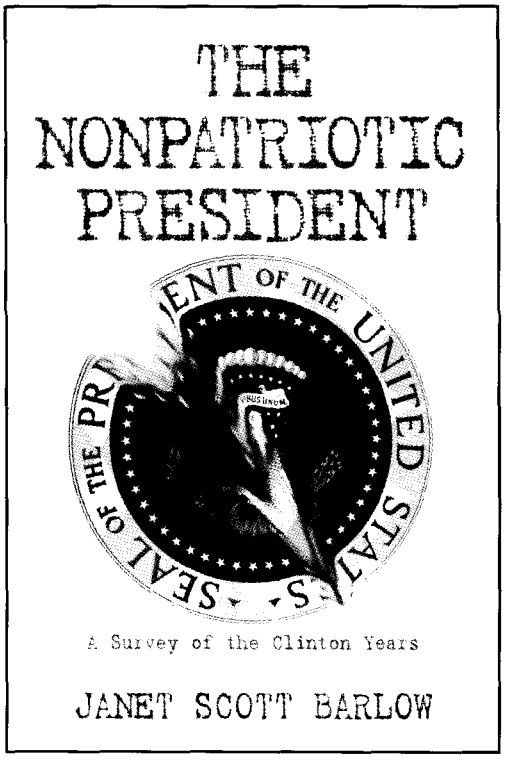

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